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Fantastyfootballobsessive?Compulsive bologna eater? Hand puppet molester? Pinpoint your most shameful habit and be rewarded by learning your corresponding New Year's resolution!



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MAXIM-COM WHAT'S ONLINE NOW





NEIGHBORHOOD KNOCKOUTS



2008's Hometown Hotties winner, April Rose (left), is ready to face the competition. This year's contest is gearing up; so, gorgeous gals across the nation, start sending in your sexy submissions at Maxim.com! We're building the finest field of contestants ever, from sea to sizzling sea!



BACK FROM THE U.S.S.R.

Get coldproof with our "Winterize Everything!" feature, then warm up to the bevy of beauties discovered on Maxim Online's debauched trip to the Kremlin.





BOWLED OVER

From the Orange Bowl to the Gorton's Fisherman Fishstick Bowl, Maxim.com is breaking down the best and worst of college's baffling BCS.





CHEERING SECTION

Can't wait for March Madness? Well, keep waiting! But in the meantime we're putting every NFL cheerleading squad into a bracket battle royal. Cast your vote online before we overdose on pep.





CIRCUS MAXIMUS







Frank Miller's *The Spirit*, Tom Cruise's *Valkyrie*, and public domain's *Punisher* (seriously, how many *Punisher* flicks are there?) are hitting theaters, and Maxim.com has the reviews.



PHONING IT IN

If there's a lack of girls, gags, and glitter on your phone, we can help! (Except for the glitter.)†

- Watch funny/sexy/painful videos on Verizon V CAST On Demand's Maxim Channel.
- Get a peek at a new Today's Girl every weekday. Text MAXGAL to 44636 (4INFO).
- For smoking-hot wallpapers and ridiculous ringtones, text MXM2243 to 51945.



KELLY STUART (HOMETOWN HOTTIE, APRIL ROSE)

What is this? A BlackBerry? Because this plays music and movies, and takes pictures that look like real pictures. Now if only I could post that stuff directly to the web—Whoa. There is a Santa.



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anuary is traditionally a month that gets people thinking about change, and come the 20th, a change of historic proportions will occur. There will be a new guy in the big house! Yes, after all these months, it is finally happening—I'm moving my Obi-Wan Kenobi doll with the kung fu grip into the Castle Grayskull I keep under my desk, and I couldn't be more excited! He is sure to infuse my closed-door "reading" time with new adventures and thrills. Obi-Wan, I cannot wait to see what you have in store for me! Also of note on January 20, Barack Obama will be sworn in as the 44th President of the United States. Not sure if you saw that in the news, but I thought I'd pass it along.

Yes, excitement is in the air, and I've noted a palpable sense of renewal and self-improvement in the office. Editor-at-large Steve Garbarino has been taking better care of himself, combing his beard 100 times before features meetings. Hard-charging senior associate editor Mike Dawson has scaled back his Oprah-stalking e-mails by a third, and a few Fridays ago I swear I saw copy chief Ken Gee stone-cold sober.

Something big is happening. This transformational spirit has inspired my staff to churn out one of our best issues in months (see our amazing, mouthwatering review of the 99 Best Beers on Earth, p.58, and our gripping look at the shark-attack capital of the U.S., p.70, and while you're at it, take another look at our red-hot cover shot of Hilary Duff). It has also inspired some out-of-the-box ideas that should have stayed deep inside the box and been placed into a shredder for good measure. Some of the minutes from our last editorial meeting, courtesy of ambitious editorial assistant Amanda Thurshwell:

 Deputy editor Chris Wilson pitches a "When McDonald's Characters Get Maxim-ized" chart. Wilson gives an example to support the idea: "The Hamburglar becomes 'the Clam Burglar.' See where I'm going with this?" Awkward silence ensues. Idea rejected.

- Editor-at-large Steve Garbarino opens the fashion meeting with two pitches: "Unitards and Singlets: Not Just for Men Anymore!" and "Can't We All Just Get a Thong?" He describes the latter as a fashion-y political piece. Kaminsky sinks a pencil into his own eyeball.
- Features editor David Swanson pitches a sex column on locker room etiquette. Idea rejected. UPDATE: The story is published in Details.
- Senior editor Maria Fontoura wonders aloud if it would be cool to have sexy models reenact some of her favorite "Cathy" cartoon strips. As she pulls at her hair to help visualize the concept for the group, intern Lauren Ciraulo notes that she is "scared."
- Executive editor Dan Bova pitches a comprehensive preview of March Madness. He speaks for 20 straight minutes... about football. He also mentions a

"Best Headers Ever" sidebar, and "home runs" come up a lot. When asked if he's actually ever watched a sporting event, Mr. Bova runs out of the room crying.

True, these were all horrible, magazine-killing ideas, but sometimes what sounds like total insanity, like getting drunk and hurling yourself down an icy slope, can be brilliance—see the snow-tubing sidebar in our "Winterize Everything!" feature (p.64) if you don't believe me.

OK, enough with the preamble. Happy reading, my *Maxim* friends, and God bless America!



James Kaminsky **Editorial Director**

Maxim by the Numbers

Calculating the human cost of testing hundreds of beers for this month's definitive guide.



2,160	Approximate weight, in pounds, of bottles and cans of beer delivered to the <i>Maxim</i> office over a two-day period.
100	Approximate weight, in pounds, of intern Jana Segal, who was charged with receiving and dollying all of it into the conference room.
7	Number of times copy chief Ken Gee was overheard referring to Budweiser tallboys as "Daddy's yum-yum juice."
11	Number of times features editor David Swanson stood too close to female staff members while taking long, seductive sips of Boddingtons.
10:37	Earliest A.M. visit to the beer fridge for a "hand steadier" (performed by managing editor Brekke Fletcher, whose bottle of choice was Amstel Light).
6	Number of assurances made by senior associate editor Mike Dawson that piss-tasting Old Chub is "actually pretty good."
1	Number of interviews research editor Joel Randell gave to local TV news reporters about his preference for lacy red underwear. He was sober at the time.
1	Number of copies of the new book <i>Understanding the High-Functioning Alcoholic</i> that sit unopened atop <i>Maxim</i> 's beer fridge.



We kick off the new year with yet another *Maxim* mailbag packed with wonder and woe!

Cuckoo for Keibler

Maxim, you are officially the King of All Magazines for putting the gorgeous Stacy Keibler ["Weapon of Mass Seduction"] on your November cover. Thank you! Please talk her into doing many more pictorials!

B.D. via e-mail

We'dhappily have Stacy's 42-inch stems grace every issue, but unfortunately a few of our editors kept asking the world's hottest ex-wrestler to put them in something called the "Delaware donkey clutch." Which may explain why she's no longer returning our calls.

The Hills Have Thighs

Your spread of Audrina Patridge ["Queen of the Hills"] in the November issue was one of the

hottest I have ever seen. You guys should blow that photo up into a poster.

Anonymous via e-mail

Good idea! We plan to hang ours in the garage, right between our "Hang in There, Baby" cat poster and all those pulse-quickening spreads we've collected from Muscle & Fitness over the years. Our life partner, Barry, can't get enough of them!

Game Changer

Your November Sex column, "Build a Better Trap," is skewed, and the bad examples you cite confuse the uneducated reader. "Negs" are just teasing. Everybody gets teased and responds well given the right circumstances. Pickup artists don't preach things that don't work. Please don't butcher "the Art."

"Dee Wrock" via Facebook

It's amazing that a dude named Dee Wrock has the stones to lecture us chick magnets at Maxim on how to pick up girls! I mean, we've been "negging" women for years, and we're pretty sure one of these days our insults may actually result in a working phone number instead of a pitcherful of beer dumped on our heads.

Blackjacked

In November's Ask Maxim you talk about big losses on bets. My friend Adam Resnick lost \$8.6 million on blackjack in a 24-hour period. While not as staggering as the billionaire who lost \$227 million betting on a troubled bank, he certainly blows away the guy who bet and lost \$4.2 million on the 2007 Rugby World Cup. Just thought you'd like to know.

Adam Thick via e-mail

Not only did your buddy lose more than \$8 million in 24 hours; he also brought down a bank that had been covering his bounced checks. So basically, Adam, we're pinning the blame for the current recession squarely on your man's blackjack-happy shoulders. Our ailing grandma thanks you for the foreclosure on her home!

Outmuscled

While I thought most of "The 2009 Maxim RPM Awards" handed out to the various vehicles

in November's issue were spot-on, I've got to take exception to your claim that the more than 1,000-horsepower Bugatti Veyron is less manly than the 150-horsepower PT Cruiser. Really? That grandma-mobile is more testosterone-packed than one of the most powerful cars ever built? Care to change your mind?

Ken Cafaro via e-mail

Pumped-up street machines are great for drag-racing greasers, but when it comes to scoring tail, nothing tops the deceptively dorky PT Cruiser. Yeah, it attracts girls who are a "little older" (you may need to install a wheelchair lift), but it's all the same in the dark. Know what we're saying, fellas?

Correction! In December's Incoming section, we switched the entries for Hometown Hotties Alicia Whitten and Tiffany Stone. Our bad!

#3 IN A SERIES

LETTERS FROM OUR MOMS



I enjoyed the "Biggest Understatements Ever" piece [November]. And I laughed at the Oliver Stone article. When Stone said he wouldn't spend a year of his life making a movie that demeans somebody,

he must have meant he would only spend three and a half months doing it. He should give up the pot! I enjoy seeing your name in print every month, and Dad keeps checking if you still have a job. We're proud of you, Billy! But I still wish the models wore more clothes.

Mom

Associate art director Billy Sorrentino's loving mama, Mary, doesn't know that he comes to work every day wearing a silk kimono and dramatic Kabuki makeup. As long as he's not hurting anyone—right, Mrs. S.?

Crappy New Year

Our readers resolve to banish their most beloved bad habits...until they revert back to them!



"No more eating liverwurst every morning for breakfast...!"m on doctor's orders!" **Todd V.**



"It's time for me to stop breeding ferrets. My entire house smells like pee!" **Dave S.**



"I'm taking multivitamins. Maybe now I can get rid of this nagging case of jaundice." **Bill G.**



"To be more ecoconscious, I plan to use the same napkin for all of 2009." Patrick M.



"I'm going to stop reading Maxim in church! Actually, I'll probably stop going to church." Dan W.





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THE NEW PROTOTYPE GOLF CHALLENGE

On November 3, Under Armour and Maxim hosted The New Prototype Golf Challenge in San Pedro, California. Contest winner, Jeff Russell got to hit the course with Ryder Cup hero and Under Armour athlete Hunter Mahan and a crew of Maxim models. Outfitted in UA golf performance apparel, Russell scores an impressive 76, a close second-place finish behind Hunter Mahan.



Heavy Petting

Two horny college freshmen are wandering around campus when they come across a dog licking his balls.

"Man, I wish I could do that," says the first guy. The second frosh replies, "Don't you think you should pet him first?"

Anxious Anniversary

A man and wife are in bed when the wife asks, "Do you think we could renew our vows for our 25th anniversary?"

"Sure," says the man.

The wife smiles and says, "It'll be just like the first time."

"Not exactly," says the man. "This time *I'll* be on the edge of the bed crying and saying 'No, it's just too big!"

Devil Dogged

A man dies and goes to hell, and Satan asks, "Do you like to drink?"

"Sure," says the man.

"Well, you'll love Thursdays," says Satan. "All we do is drink beer, whiskey, vodka—everything. And you're dead, so no hangover!"

"Sweet!" says the man.

"Do you like drugs?" asks Satan. "Because it's the same deal on Friday—all the drugs you can take!"

"Awesome!" says the man. "There has to be some catch to this."

"Not at all," says Satan. "You're gay, right?" "No," says the man.

"Oh, well, then Saturdays are going to be a little rough!"

Will Power

A woman asks her husband, "Do you love me only because my father died and left me a fortune?"

"Of course not," he says. "I'd love you no matter who left you the money."

Dead Serious

A guy storms up to his wife and announces, "You will prepare me a gourmet meal tonight, and afterward we'll have the kind of weird sex I've always wanted. Then tomorrow, guess who's going to dress me and comb my hair?"

The wife stares back at him and replies, "The fucking funeral director."

Utter Nunsense

A cabbie picks up a nun and, after driving for a while, turns around and says, "You know, sister, I've always dreamed about kissing a nun. May I kiss you?"

The nun says, "If you're Catholic."
"Well, as a matter of fact, I am!" says the

So the nun gives him the best kiss he's ever had. But then the guilt-ridden cabbie confesses that he's not really Catholic.

"It's OK," the nun replies. "My name's Kevin, and I'm on my way to a costume party!"

Q: What did the doe say when she walked out of the woods?

A: "I'll never do that again for two bucks."

Q: What's the definition of embarrassment? **A:** Running into a wall with an erection and

breaking your nose first.

Q: Why don't Ken and Barbie have kids?

A: Because Ken comes in a different box.



'Bate and Switch

A man walks into an incredibly hot lady urologist's office to get a problem checked out.

"You have to stop masturbating," she advises.

"Why?" the man asks.

"Because I'm trying to examine you."



Beat This Caption!

TO ENTER

 Outdo our often painfully lame attempts at humor by entering your best one-liner at Maxim.com/contests. For complete rules, see Maxim.com.

2. One jokester extraordinaire whose caption meets our strictest editorial standards will receive a sweet pair of Atrio professional earphones.

3. Think your funny has the yuks to win? Then stop Googling "nipple clamps + canola oil" and click over to Maxim.com to see if you've won with this month's prize.







INCOMING {IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE}



Joanna Krupa

ou've grown to worship fun-loving model Joanna in the pages of this magazine, and soon you'll be able to see her on her very own E! reality show. Here, the most perfect thing to come from Poland since the pierogi details some of her sauciest firsts:

First Catfight

I am not a confrontational person, but the first fight I ever got into was with Paris Hilton at

Club Element in Hollywood. She walked into the club's VIP area like she owned the world. She tried to get my girlfriends and me kicked out, since she was too insecure to have much better looking girls next to her. Of course, she didn't accomplish anything, since I am friends with the owner. He said, "If anyone is leaving, it will be Paris!"

First Boyfriend Dump

When I first started modeling, my boyfriend basically gave me an ultimatum: either him or

my modeling career. So without telling him, I moved out of Chicago with my mom and uncle. When I finally arrived in L.A., I decided to call him. But by then he definitely got the point that I chose modeling over him.

First Celeb Crush

John Travolta! I used to watch *Grease* all the time. I thought he was so adorable and would try to learn his dance moves. I used to pretend I was Olivia Newton-John and interact with him. I was quite cheesy!—*Kevin Jordan*



Mercedes-Benz AMG **SL65 Black Series**

The newest super Benz has a 670 hp V-8 engine, an amazingly light carbon-fiber body, and a passing resemblance to a stealth fighter. What better way to blow \$320,000?



Breaking Bad News With Baby Animals

Hilarious postcard book uses kittens, bunnies, ducklings, and puppies to make disturbing admissions to your loved ones.























Five amazing, cool, and slightly alarming things we're obsessed with in January.



Bulletproof Clothes

The polo shirts and leather jackets sold by Colombian clothier Miguel Caballero deflect bullets. So you can survive an assassination attempt and look good



In *The Spirit* this sexy Spaniard plays the knife-wielding Plaster of Paris alongside ScarJo, Eva Mendes, and Jamie King. Why can't all comic-book-spawned movies be this unnervingly hot?



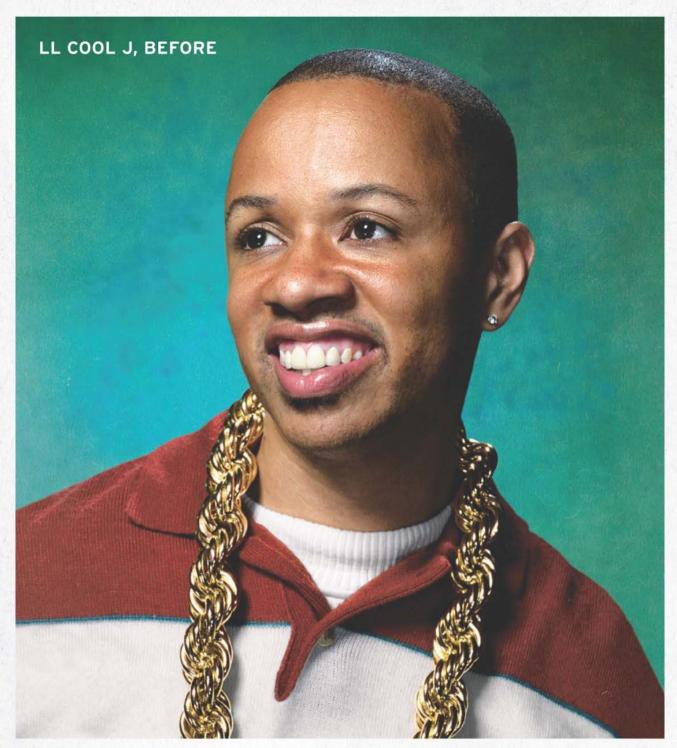
Carrera Aviators

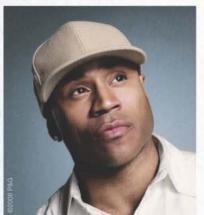
The iconic line rereleased their '80s aviators after realizing that shade hunters were paying up to \$400

for the originals. \$150, Solstice Sunglass Boutiques; solsticestores.com









"WITH OLD SPICE SWAGGER, I'M DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT WELL. BEFORE SWAGGER, I WAS DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT JUST OKAY. THANKS, OLD SPICE." -LL COOL J





Heading south for Big Game XLIII? Behold, our essential trash-tastic guide to a weekend in Florida's freakiest city.

ampa proudly proclaims itself
the Lap Dance Capital of the
World and was an early mecca of
Florida's death-metal scene. But
this wonderfully skeezy city will
become even more awesome
when it hosts the Super Bowl on February 1.
America's tawdriest town will be packed with
thousands of fans hellbent on experiencing
Tampa in all its naked glory. Optimize every
minute of your time with our handy guide. Just
don't forget to get those tetanus shots before
you go!—Wade Tatangelo

THE HURRICANE

Fiending for the freshest grouper in town? Take the Howard Frankland Bridge across the bay to St. Petersburg and stop by beachfront hot spot the Hurricane for Florida's favorite fish. This scrumptiously flaky piece of Gulf Coast goodness is served fried, broiled, grilled, blackened, or jerked. For maximum hangover-killing power, try the pleasingly greasy Grouper Reuben. 807 Gulf Way, St. Pete Beach, thehurricane.com.

MONS VENUS

Within walking distance of Raymond James Stadium, Tampa's top jiggle joint features all-nude dancers working the pole in nothing but their Lucite high heels. The \$30 lap dances are first-rate: "full-contact" and fondle-friendly. Um, at least that's what we hear! 2040 N. Dale Mabry Hwy., monsvenus.com



THE ORIGINAL HOOTERS

Sure, you've visited one of these worldfamous fine-dining establishments and wondered why the hell all the waitresses are forced to wear pantyhose. But don't you wanna see where it all began? Opened in 1983, this cozy wood building in Tampa Bay is the original eatery that brought together nice breasts and hot wings. Brilliant! 2800 Gulf-to-Bay Boulevard, Clearwater, originalhooters.com

CRAB SHACK

Seafood stops don't get kitschier than this Old Florida treasure located next to the Redneck Riviera. Chow down on the steamed blue crabs, fresh oysters, gator bites, and, yes, the smoked mullet! 11400 Gandy Blvd., St. Petersburg, crabshack.com



WALTERS PRESS BOX

Can't score Super Bowl tix? Pull up a stool and sob quietly at this sports bar down the street from the stadium. It's got a low ceiling, no windows, and wood-paneled walls plastered with Tampa sports memorabilia. Giant foam #1 fingers drink free! 222 S. Dale Mabry, pressboxsports.com



GANDY BOULEVARD BEACH

A thin, dirty stretch of sand that serves as Tampa Bay's very own Redneck Riviera, it's where leathery bikers and their thong-clad motorcycle mamas guzzle beers and romp in the surf with their scarily aggressive pit bulls. Drive west on Gandy Boulevard, over the bridge that leads to St. Petersburg. The beach is on your left.



RAYMOND JAMES STADIUM

Rent a handgun, rifle, or shotgun on the cheap at T.B.'s best indoor range. And ladies get free range time, gun rentals, and ammo discounts on Monday nights!
7811 N. Dale Mabry
Hwy., shootingsports tampa.com

CANOE WITH CRITTERS

The Hillsborough River is populated by creepy black vultures, great blue herons, and large water turtles. But the real thrill is having nothing but a canoe and a paddle between your exposed limbs and an 11-foot gator. So be sure not to fall in when you lean over to crack open your sixth Bud tallboy. *canoeescape.com*

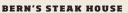


2001 ODYSSEY

This spaceship-themed topless (and bottomless!) temple could give E.T. himself an interplanetary erection. A trip to the rooftop flying saucer VIP room is pricey, but if you pick the right girl to beam you up, it could be something to tell your grandkids about. 2309 N. Dale Mabry Hwy., 2001nude.com



Tampa's greatest dive bar pours cheapo doubles that will transform you into a drooling, drunken man-baby. The crowd is an always interesting mix of slumming suits, off-the-clock cocktail waitresses, scruffy hipsters, and sketchy homeless dudes. They'll be the ones who ask you for money (and smell like cheese). 719 N. Franklin St., Tampa



Chow down on a porterhouse, slurp fine wine from one of Florida's best-stocked cellars, and soak up the bordello-like ambiance at this venerable meat mecca. Spent too much cash the night before on that stripper who was saving up for a prosthetic leg? Belly up to the bar and order the off-the-menu steak sandwich. The heaping slab of beef on a freshbaked bun with onion rings costs a measly 11 bucks. 1208 S. Howard Ave., Tampa, bernssteakhouse.com



DALLAS BULL

Country music reigns supreme in Tampa, and the gigantic Dallas Bull honky-tonk (two floors, seven bars, 99 toilets) is the place to line-dance with the city's sexiest cowgirls. Yes, there's a mechanical bull. Yes, the girls are always hot, thanks to their painted-on Wranglers and stiletto cowboy boots. But, for the love of God, leave your "cool" duster coat in the car. 3322 U.S. Highway 301 N., Tampa, dallasbull.com



Before you go on a tear in Tampa, take a moment to reflect on partying past.



January 14, 1967 The night before Super

The hight before Super Bowl I, Packers receiver Max McGee sneaked out after curfew to go drinking. Despite getting only an hour of sleep, he scored two touchdowns while supposedly still hammered. All hail boozel



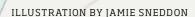
January 15, 1973

Dolphins coach Don Shula had his watch snatched while being carried off the field after winning Super Bowl VII. The iron-jawed legend chased down the perp, then celebrated by wearing even *more* polyester.



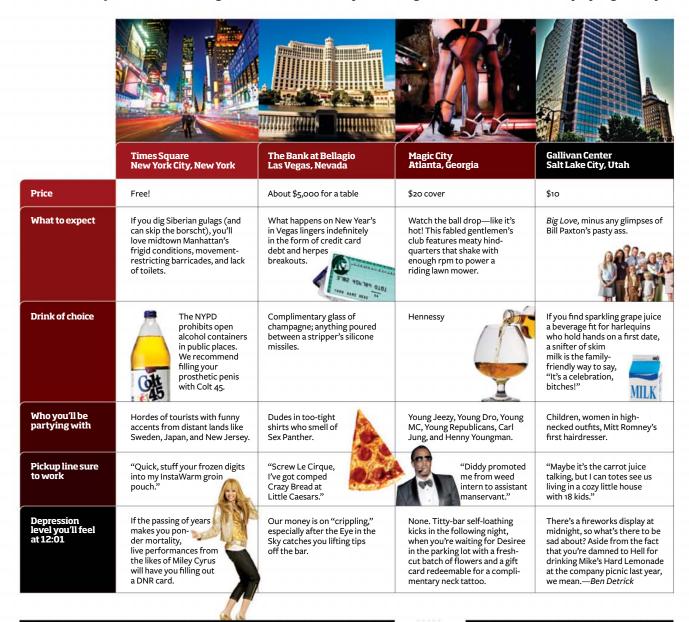
January 30, 1999 Falcons DB Eugene Rob-

rations us a sugar Robinson, who received the Bart Starr Award before Super Bowl XXXIII for "high moral character," was busted for soliciting an undercover cop for oral sex. Later admitted to fondling award.



New Year's Suckin' Eve

The choicest spots to be at midnight on December 31, if you want good times followed closely by a good cry.



#14 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Cook up sizzlin' cuffs!

Want to wear your love for bacon on your sleeve? Well, thanks to the breakfast gods above, you can finally indulge that sad, demented dream. These heart-clogging cuff links are made of high-quality sterling silver and are perfect for that pork-themed prom or black-tie 4-H Club gala you've always wanted to attend. Don't forget the sausage cummerbund! \$300, barneys.com

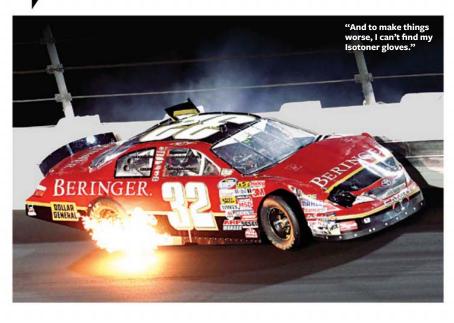




ASK MAXIM

The anatomy of a NASCAR crash, why steroids won't always make you buff, watching porn on planes, and the awesomeness of Earth-crushing asteroids!







WHAT HAPPENS IN A NASCAR **CRASH UPON IMPACT?**

Rich Wilson, Austin, TX

"Every crash is different, depending on the orientation of the vehicle," explains Dean Sicking, leader of the NASCAR SAFER barrier development team. But we're not letting that excuse stop him from describing exactly what goes down during a typical highlight-reel-worthy stock car smash-up! When the the car crashes into the barrier at the 20-degree angle pictured at left, the front corner crumples within the first few milliseconds, followed by damage to the left front tire, suspension, and frame, Sicking says. The energy-absorbing foam added to the outside of the five protective door bars softens the impact inside the chassis, which is good news for the driver, as those bars prevent the interior from crushing him like a Mountain Dew can. A NASCAR seat is made from a rigid hybrid of aluminum and carbon fiber, which keeps the driver's body stiff and helps stop him from hurtling through the windshield when the seat belt fully extends about 80 milliseconds into the crash. The positioning of the seat, four inches to the right of a regular car's, also delays the peak G-force impact on the driver that occurs about 160 milliseconds in. Sicking says today's NASCAR safety measures have lowered the risk of injury and death on the racetrack by about 70 percent. But since we still get painful whiplash from the bumper cars at our local carnival, we're staying in the stands, thank you very much.



IS IT LEGAL TO WATCH PORN ON PLANES? Kyle Demacus, Toledo, OH

The friendly skies are a surprisingly swinging place. During most flights it's acceptable to watch that DVD of South Pork: Big, Long, and Uncut on your laptop, provided you don't disturb other passengers. (No high-fiving your bros or loudly requesting an extra "fun blanket.") But there is debate over how nasty in-flight wi-fi can get. Some airlines have chosen to let people look at anything. Others are following JetBlue's lead and filtering available content, blocking porn sites and even non-XXX offerings such as the swanky likes of VanityFair.com. Delta, too, recently joined the ranks of airlines that filter out adult sites, which means you may have to flog the dolphin at home like everyone else.



WHAT HAPPENS IF I USE STEROIDS **BUT DON'T EXERCISE?**

Christian Rebaldo, Brattleboro, VT

We applaud your desire to get ripped yet remain lazy, Christian, but you're going about it the wrong way. Anabolic steroids increase muscle mass mainly by enabling the body to pump iron much more intensely and frequently. Which is not to say that steroid use alone won't make you stronger. "With the increases in testosterone brought on by steroid use, people will probably have increased strength and performance, just not nearly what they would if they worked out," says Houston Rockets team physician Dr. James Muntz. With no definitive clinical studies on humans (apparently that's unethical), it's hard to be sure. And any possible gain comes with an unsettling







WHAT IS THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE ASTEROID IMPACT IN RECENT HISTORY?

Timothy Vaughn, Anchorage, AK

In 1908 the Tunguska asteroid exploded in the air three miles above Siberia with 1,000 times the power of an atomic bomb. The force flattened 80 million trees, launched debris into space, caused atmospheric changes, and vaporized a lazy walrus or two. Earth's next close encounter with an asteroid will happen in 2029, when Apophis passes between us and the moon. "It's probably going to miss," says Mark Boslough, a physicist at Sandia National Laboratories in Albuquerque. "Its orbit could possibly shift to a dangerous one, but it's unlikely." So go ahead and eat that "emergency" Twinkie stash...You've earned it!



Perfect Party Plan

Great parties include friends, fun and a designated driver to make sure everyone gets home safely. Please join the 137 million American adults who have been or used a designated driver.*

Thanks for Designating a Driver.









RATED

{YOUR ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AUTHORITY}

American Spirit

Sin City and 300 mastermind Frank Miller unleashes another surreal comic book movie.

ou bet your ass it's crazy!" So says visionary comics creator Frank Miller of his superhero noir The Spirit. And if anyone knows crazy, it's Miller, whose graphic novels spawned Sin City (which he codirected with Robert Rodriguez) and 300 (helmed by Watchmen's Zack Snyder). For his first solo flight as a director, Miller is taking on a 1940s pulp hero created by his mentor, Will Eisner. A believed-to-be-dead cop resurrected as a masked vigilante, the Spirit (Gabriel Macht) wages war against badass criminal the Octopus (Samuel L. Jackson) while handling more than his fair share of femmes fatales.

The transition from page to screen was an intimidating one for Miller. "It felt scarier than hell," he says. "But it's the same old game, telling a story with pictures." The Spirit's best visual effects, however, may be of the flesh-and-blood variety. "I had Scarlett Johansson, Eva Mendes, Paz Vega, and Jaime King adding production value I never could have dreamed of." Less sexy, but wearing just as much eyeliner, is Jackson's deranged Octopus. "I said to him, 'Let's make you the scariest supervillain who ever lived."

The shift from the more innocent tone of Eisner's original strips to Miller's balls-out style—epitomized by switching the hero's trademark suit from bright blue to midnight black—has offended some *Spirit* fans. Miller doesn't think much of the nostalgia-mongers. "If Eisner thought I built a dusty monument to what he did, he'd come back from the grave and throttle me. I owe him. I don't owe the fans a goddamn thing."—*Sean T. Collins*

The Spirit hits theaters everywhere on Christmas Day.





Legend of the Fall Out Boy

Pete Wentz looks outside himself on his band's latest, Folie à Deux,

here's a big danger of oversaturation when your face is more recognized than your songs," admits Pete Wentz, who knows overexposure all too well. The bassist-lyricist and defacto frontman of pop-punk superstars Fall Out Boy became an Internet sensation when cell-phone snaps of his, er, little Wentz hit the Web three years ago. And that was before he impregnated then married teen queen Ashlee Simpson. But with Folie à Deux he and his band have put tabloid headlines behind them and created an album commensurate with their status as emo-rock elders. Despite some tensions during recording—"I'm particularly hard to deal with because I make tons of changes"—Folie à Deux showcases the group's strengths as never before, from the 10-point-wave choruses to the Prince-worthy grooves.

"Our last record, lyrically, wasn't relatable. I don't like it now at all," Wentz admits. He says the new disc, their third since achieving megawatt status with the 2005 single "Dance, Dance," benefits from being "less autobiographical." Plus, there are the band's "wish list" guests: Elvis Costello on monster ballad "What a Catch, Donnie"; Debbie Harry on paranoid fantasy "West Coast Smoker"; and Lil Wayne, who singslurs a trippy verse on "Tiffany Blews." Wentz, meanwhile, is staring down 30 and getting increasingly wistful: "It's weird how fast life, especially life in this YouTube-consumerculture world, goes by."—Nick Catucci



The Reich Stuff

In Valkyrie Tom Cruise plots to kill der Führer. To mark the occasion, we rate some Hollywood Hitlers.



ANTHONY HOPKINS

The Bunker (1981)
Though Hopkins was a suitably ominous Adolf, we don't think Hitler had a British accent.
Plus, "I ate his liver with some schnitzel and a nice scheurebe" just doesn't sound right.

RATING: 3 6 6 6 6



MEL BROOKS

To Be or Not to Be (1983)
Technically a meta-portrayal
(Mel plays an actor playing
the fascist), this flick's biggest
contribution to Hitlerdom was
the soundtrack's "Hitler Rap,"
which hit No. 12 on the charts.

RATING: 🕏 🕏 🕏 🚳



MICHAEL SHEARD

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade (1989) Nothing but the best for Spielberg. Sheard made his living playing the dictator, taking on the role five times. He even found time to play Himmler!

RATING: TO TO TO TO

Like *Liar Liar* but screwier! And by "screwier" we mean

it's the exact same brand of

comedy that was stale five years ago. Just say no.

Film Checkup Sifting through the cinematic heap. **Our Take** The Curious Case of Pitt teams up with director **Benjamin Button** David Fincher again (Sezen, Brad Pitt is a man who ages Fight Club), but life lessons in reverse, and Cate Blanchand schmaltz are more likely than awesome man-violence. ett is his "normie" gal pal. Marley & Me So sweet the concession stand The feisty Fido who inspired should offer insulin. We are happy to see Owen Wilson four books gets a movie about the family he often back-especially since we realterrorized yet always loved. ized he doesn't play the dog. **Revolutionary Road** Director Sam Mendes blasted Titanic stars Kate Winslet the suburbs in American Beauty, but when they're full and Leo DiCaprio reunite in of classic cars and cocktails, this tale of dreamers who settle down in '50s America. the burbs look kind of cool.

Jim Carrey goes from a

naysayer to a man who will say "yes"—no matter how

absurd the request. Zany!



WHAT'S THE WILDEST THING YOU EVER DID WHILE YOU WERE ALIVE?

Stand-up gigs in a second language.

WHAT BOOK DO YOU MOST REGRET NOT FINISHING?

All of them—I'm dyslexic.

YOU'RE A BIG FAN OF MONTY PYTHON. WHAT **WOULD YOU SAY IS "THE MEANING OF LIFE"?**

I truly believe that the art of life is to make

ing trains and boats and bridges.

NAME ONE THING THAT YOU'RE GLAD YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN ON EARTH.

Have Mondays, since all of my days will be equal now.

THINKING OF YOUR ROLE IN ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, WHAT BEATLES SONG WOULD PLAY AT YOUR FUNERAL?

"Here Comes the Sun."

They are mumbling...something about a cat... I can't quite work it out.

GOT ANY LAST WORDS?

I'd just like to say thanks for the use of the atoms, and I like the blue color you've got for the planet. Now please don't blow it up.

Director Bryan Singer's Valkyrie is out in theaters



BEAT A CHAMPION TO BECOME A CHAMPION

Hear those shouts of triumph and heartbreak?
They're coming from gamers throwing down
in the Gillette® – EA SPORTS™ Champions of Gaming
tournament. Here's what's happening this month...

THE EXPERT CORNER

Madden NFL 09

Be careful kicking long field goals. If you miss short, the defense can catch the ball and run it back for a score!

Tiger Woods PGA TOUR® 09

If you're having trouble selecting the correct club, try switching between Punch, Pitch, and Flop to change the distance of your club. You can cycle through the different shot types by pressing the "X" button on the controller.

NBA LIVE 09

Take advantage of the superstar dribblers in the league by performing special dribble moves like crossovers, behind the backs, and hesitations by flicking the Right Stick in different directions. Once you've mastered these moves, hold down the Right Trigger while doing them to trigger our new Quickstrike Ankle Breakers.

NASCAR® 09

If you are having a hard time on the track, head over to the Sprint Driver Challenges to hone your skills and build reputation.

To improve your game and play like a champion, visit gillettegameroom.com



ENTER

Enter the Gillette – EA SPORTS™ Champions of Gaming tournament powered by Xbox 360 LIVE and you could take on Tiger Woods, Roger Federer, Derek Jeter, or another superstar at the Global Finals.*

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Go to **gillette.com/easports** to upload your picture. Then answer a couple of questions to create an animated press conference and start trash-talking your competitors!



V



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The Future of Pop Culture

Filed and sorted for your anticipatory pleasure.



MONTHS



WrestleMania XXV

The 25th annual "Showcase of the Immortals" will be held in Houston, where supersized studs and dashing divas alike wrestle for your attention.



Jay-Z and Nas

Back in '01 Jay-Z called Nas "fake," which led to infamous name-calling and dis tracks. They've buried the hatchet and are rumored to be releasing a long-awaited collabo. Nice!



BioShock 2

The hugely anticipated sequel to the firstperson shooter that immersed us in the underwater city of Rapture is coming. Watch for enhanced visuals and difficulty breathing.



Merlin

Behold! This NBC drama will follow O.G. wizard Merlin through his adventures in the city of Camelot...which is exciting no one but fantasy geeks (and maybe Daniel Radcliffe).



World Air Games

The World Air Games fly into Turin, Italy, with 100 countries competing in 10 disciplines. Let's just hope none of these spectacles includes the freeball freefall.



Burj Dubai

When the \$4.1 billion skyscraper is complete, it will be the tallest man-made structure on Earth at 2,953 feet. Get ready for the largest phallic symbol in history!



Velvet Revolver

Who knew they would rebound after dumping hot mess Scott Weiland? Well, they're back with ex-Spacehogger Royston Langdon. But can the Brit-popper bring the rock?



Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen

"This one has 10 times as many explosions and stunts," says our favorite Decepticonfighting babe, Megan Fox. Hopefully we'll be distracted from the likely horrible dialogue.



Fame Remake

The dance students are twirling their way back onto the scene...29 years later. Set in modern day, this unwarranted makeover leaves us weeping into our leg warmers.





STUFF

{FILL YOUR INNER EMPTINESS WITH MATERIAL GOODS}

Lotus Power

With the Evora, the tea-sipping, track-loving British brand finally turns out a badass daily driver.



hile Lotus' ultralight go-kart rides have always turned average Joes into racetrack gods, their less-than-comfy interiors also ensured you'd be traveling lady-less. That'll change later this year when Lotus unleashes the Evora, a supersexy midengine V-6 2+2. It'll retain the brand's road-hugging genius, but add posh interior touches favored by the fairer sex (and, uh, us too) as well as actual space to move

around in, favored by our rapidly expanding buttocks.

SPEC CHECK

2010 Lotus Evora

Price: Engine:

Torque: Horsepowe o–60 mph:

Top speed: Available: \$70,000+ 3.5-liter V-6 252 lb.-ft. 276 Under 5.0 sec. 160 (est.)



Revolutionary "seats" let you sit while driving.

The Bones

Scotch-perspiring gearheads love to recite Lotus' old engineering mantra: Add lightness. Here featherweight squirted into shapes—form the car's backbone. The entire chassis weighs just 440 pounds, less than the typical American couple driving to Vegas. Plus or minus a few bags of pork rinds.

The Speed

The limeys over at Lotus insist that great sports cars aren't about winning drag races—which is convenient when your cars don't win any. Yet the Evora should scamper to 60 mph in a respectable five seconds. And, true to its heritage, it'll make up for any straight-line deficits with deft, otherworldly handling and tracktastic brakes, steering, and suspension.

The Power Plant

Got a RAV4 or a Camry? Believe it or not, chances are the engine that powers your mommy-mobile is the same Toyota 3.5-liter V-6 that revs up this demon.

Lotus drops the Toyota mill smack in the center of the Evora, right where a sports car likes it. Then it radically revamps the Tokyo six's electronic controls for rightnow throttle response and a healthy 276 horsepower.

The Weight

The Evora flutters into dealerships this summer at 2,976 pounds, about 10 percent lighter than its mainstream rival, the Porsche 911. Its two tiny seats in back are fine for terrifying your toddlers—but forget about fitting your thick-necked bar-security buds in back. Those who prefer Prada man-bags to actual friends can spec a pure two-seater with a rear parcel shelf.



The Design

Fluid and Anglo-exotic, with more scoops than Baskin-Robbins, the Evora looks spot-on Lotus from 100 yards out. And as your eye gets lost in the cool details—the floating wing, the teardrop cabin shape—the Evora magically distracts you from its 2+2 four-passenger practicality. Lotus designers talk up its gentle waist and muscular haunches. Kind of creepy, guys.

The Interior

Unlike older Lotuses, the Evora doesn't require you to be a yoga freak to fit into it. Inside you'll think you made a wrong turn into a Maserati. The Evora ups the ante with a full-on bovine interior, a nav system, and a noisecanceling Alpine sound system—in case you get tired of hearing your tire-burning maneuvers echo off the foreclosed houses in your cul-de-sac.—Lawrence Ulrich

Kings of Neon

The best snowboards of '09 boast top tech and eye-searing graphics. Hang one on your wall, brah!



The aggressive side cut and medium flex of this ride-anywhere stick will help you wreak havoc from the park to the backcountry. But most important, its hot pink base will help the ski patrol locate you when you're stranded headfirst in powder. \$399, kzsnowboarding.com



Banana
True to its name, this
board features reverse
camber, meaning the
base bows out rather
than curving up between
the bindings. That makes
turning easy, tackling
the park fun, and carving
powder dreamier than
riding a flying manatee.

\$469, lib-tech.com



Rome Artifact 1985
With reverse camber and bronze edges that glide smoothly over rails, the '85 is both beginner- and park-friendly. The deck's top is actually a die-cut sticker you can peel back to reveal a sexy lady. In case you get lonely on the bunny hill. \$400, romesnowboards.com



Ride DH
Aimed at park
rats, the DH boasts twin
tip, shock-absorbing
urethane "Slimewalls,"
and—consistent with its
Q*Bert-like graphics—
two springy carbon rods
inside the deck to give
snap to even your most
desperate, hopeless
jump attempts. \$450,
ridesnowboards.com



The Hundreds
Forum brought the flexy
to this ride, modeling it
after their top freestyle
board; hip L.A. clothing label the Hundreds brought
splattered neon graphics
to the collaboration. You
bring the tight snow pants
and something special
is gonna happen. \$4,00,
forumsnowboards.com



Omatic Awesome
This Swiss Army of
snowboarding shreds the
entire mountain, thanks
to internal beams that
can switch the deck from
springy to forgiving. Even
if you suck, at least everybody who sees you on the
lift will think you're...
awesome! \$389, omatic
snowboards.com
—Steve Mazzucchi



Best Rides '09 Shred the three hottest new spots in the States.



Old Trees, New Tricks • Killington, Vermont Burton teamed up with top terrain designers Snow Park Technologies to create the Stash, a park constructed of natural elements. The half-mile run boasts 34 features, including tree jibs, road jumps, log slides, a wooden staircase, and a jumpable shack. All these obstacles are Earth-friendly. Sadly, they are not necessarily gonad-friendly. Killington.com



Board-Approved • Taos, New Mexico After opening its lifts to boarders for the first time ever late last spring, I Taos is welcoming the knuckle-draggers in for the whole season. Luckily, the steep, rocky trails here are worth the wait. Go forth, and spend stupid amounts of cash on lift tickets, beer, and fridge magnets! **skitaos.org**



The Great Indoors • Copper Mountain, Colorado Convinced you could nail a 540 rodeo if only you could practice without pile-driving your spine into ice? Now you can! Copper's new 19,000-square-foot training facility lets you practice tricks on trampolines, then hit rail slides—before plunging into the warm, comforting embrace of foam pits. That Shaun White fool better watch his back. woodwardatcopper.com—S.M.

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AND FIURE HANDS.

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Australian for Ale.

22008 Oil Can Breweries, Fort Worth, TX. Know your limit, mate!

HOW DO YOU SEE FOOTBALL

SAMSUNG

Every Sunday, all across this great land, people are shaking off last night's party, throwing on a jersey, and migrating to their local sports bar. But what does it take to get people off their comfy couches? Two successful bar proprietors in football-obsessed cities reveal their formulas for a great sports bar.

DID I MENTION WE HAVE THE BEST CHORIZO IN TOWN?

CUSTOMERS TELL ME IT'S LIKE BEING FRONT ROW IN THE STADIUM









NICK
HOMETOWN >
Philadelphia
PASSION >
Poker

What are the essentials for a great sports bar?

P.J. > First, the customers have to be comfortable—I want the bar to feel like home: game-day specials, plenty of food, friendly bartenders, and the best Samsung HDTVs.

NICK > All my tables and stools face at least one flat-screen TV. You'd be surprised how many bars don't pay attention to details like that. You can watch any game you want.

Describe your usual customers on game day.

NICK > A lot of people are die-hards here in Philly—you don't want to be rooting for the other team.

P.J. > San Diego is a big tourist spot. I'd say the majority of our customers are from somewhere else. There's a lot of trash talking, which always makes for a fun time.

What's the difference between a West Coast sports bar and an East Coast sports bar?

NICK > Food is a big deal in Philadelphia. It's all about cheesesteaks and beer with us. Winter on the East Coast

can be brutal, so we've got a fireplace to keep people warm. P.J. > Food's huge in San Diego too. The early game starts at 10 a.m., so we pump them up with breakfast burritos, bloody marys, and the best chorizo in town. We have a big outdoor space to BBQ and celebrate.

How have things changed since you got HDTV?

NICK > Since we got the 52-inch Samsung flat-screens, customers tell me it's like being front row in the stadium. P.J. > Before, customers used to play a lot of pool or darts during games. Now they're glued to the action.

Why should people come to your bar instead of watching the game at home?

P.J. > Did I mention we have the best chorizo in town? Plus, you can keep up on your fantasy players and enjoy the camaraderie of all the other fans.

NICK > We have everything for you here: cold beer that won't run out, cheesesteak and burgers, and every single game.



Tell us how you see football just go to samsung.com/howiseeit



The Green Road Test

For a week we stopped killing the Earth on our commute and instead took these zero-emission vehicles to the streets of New York City. Which green machine would rule them all?



BALANCE BEAST

Segway i2, \$5,145

Lowdown: Remember seven years ago, when the Segway was supposed to $\,$ revolutionize transportation? They kept on making 'em anyway.

Speed/Range: Our tester easily maxed out the Seg at 12.5 mph. But with mortals clogging the sidewalk, the four-mile trek to midtown Manhattan took 56 minutes. Maneuverability: Our man wove Boitano-like 360s in a stream of pedestrians. "It's like an extension of my body," he gushed. It hopped four-inch curbs, too. Coolness: To be seen on the Segway falls somewhere between embarrassing and emotionally scarring. "Segway! Segway!" came the mock cheers from a pub. Verdict: It's fun as hell to ride, but that won't get you to work on time-or laid.



THE FOLD

2 Strida 5.0, \$800

Lowdown: This 22-pound fixed-gear bike breaks down to the size of a hand truck for easy stowing in apartments, offices, and brothels.

Speed/Range: Depends who's on it. Our tester bolted up to the office in 38 minutes. That time could easily be improved with some doping and a Lycra bodysuit. Maneuverability: The high seat and weird triangular frame take a few minutes to balance at first but then

seem perfectly normal. Coolness: Not bad! Burly bike messengers gave us props, and one comely lass asked for a ride (see photo).

Verdict: Smart, compact, affordable, and actually kind of cool, even if you don't shave your legs or get bike tats.

RATING . . .

DRIVEN TO DRINK

Cruzin Cooler 50-300XE, \$399 Lowdown: Sometimes a cooler is just a cooler. But add wheels and a 300-watt motor and it's the coolest invention ever. Speed/Range: The icebox tops out at 13 mph, goes 15 miles on a charge, and took an hour to get our tester to work. Maneuverability: Starting, stopping, and turning prove choppy. Minor bumps result in a punishing jolt to the balls. Coolness: The Cruzin Cooler is a magnet for curious womenfolk. One asked our tester for a ride, and he gave it to her. Then she scrawled the Cruzin Cooler Web address on her hand. Seriously. Verdict: It's obviously brilliant and perfect for commuting—provided your "commute" involves drunkenly wheeling around a tailgate party.

RATING ...

4 RE-CYCLE Vectrix, \$8,795

Lowdown: Not all scooters are for scarf-wearing sissies. This electric one goes o-50 in 6.8 seconds, almost silently. Speed/Range: The Vectrix tops out at 62 mph and can go 35 to 55 miles on a charge. Our commute took 20 minutes. Maneuverability: Fast, responsive handling and pickup make this machine more like a sport bike than a scooter. It makes sense that you need a motorcycle license to ride it.

Coolness: Our coolest commute. "Girls were staring hard," bragged our tester. We didn't tell him they were probably glaring at the armpit stains on his shirt. Verdict: We might not take it to Sturgis, but for dodging traffic and Venezuelan oil barons, this ride rules.



OUR SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Speed/Range

Each vehicle endured a harrowing, trafficchoked four-mile commute

Maneuverability

We monitored each unit's acceleration, braking, turning, and curb-jumping skills.

Coolness

How much dignity must one sacrifice to reach the office gas-free? We let locals be the judge.









When beautiful design is the name of the game, imagination lives





"Screen images simulated

Name: Melanie "Mel" McCord (skilled homemaker and gridiron enthusiast)

Home: Seneca, New York

Passion: Making room for all things beautiful

Quote: "Pigskin with panache"

V: ToC

The Samsung Series 7 Plasma with a Touch of Color.
A television as captivating as the game itself.

See Mel's story or upload your own at samsung.com/HowISeeIt

The NFL. That's how I see it.





Toss the treadmill! Get the toughest new all-weather workout gear and attack the winter wonderland.



Chain Gang Yaktrax are like snow chains for your shoes. These heavyduty rubber webs strap onto normal running kicks—say some Nike Pegasus +25s—and turn 'em into winter warriors. Their 1.4 mm steel coils help give you a scary amount of traction on packed snow, ice, and spilled ranch dressing. \$29, yaktrax.com

Cold Killer The mortal enemy of winter runners? Gusts of cold-ass air. And warm, inviting buses along your route. Oh, and renegade snowmen. Defy all three with TNF's Windstopper Hybrid jacket, which puts water-resistant Gore-Tex and windbusting tech between you and the elements. Eff you, Jack Frost! \$135, thenorthface.com

3 Hot Jams If your headphones

won't play nice with the earmuffs you've had since grade school, it's time to upgrade to the **Nike** Hatphone. Inside the fleece beanie is a layer of Nike's magical wicking Therma-FIT fabric plus a pair of built-in speakers and a pocket for the iPod Nano you bought by returning those crappy gifts. \$55, store.nike.com

4 Last Traction Hero

On frozen streets your fancy sneakers might as well be pretty lace-up ice skates. If you want some real dedicated coldweather sneakers, pick up Icebug's MR4 trainers. Their rubber soles have retracting carbide-tipped studs to $\bar{\text{keep}}$ you from doing a Johnny Weir impression. \$150, garmontusa.com

Glove Beacons
Getting nailed by a snow plow driver is not the way you want to end your winter run. Luckily

Saucony Ulti-Mitts have a blinking LED light, so you'll be visible in the dark. But if you get clipped, you can utilize the convertible forefingers to dial for help or just make a playlist to listen to as you freeze to death. \$30, saucony.com Wrist Management

The **Polar FT6o**'s built-in fitness test takes only five minutes to determine just how much damage living off the dollar menu has caused your body. Then the watch monitors your heart rate and sets fitness goals to help you drop the holiday weight you've been carrying for a decade. \$240, polarusa.com –Stan Horaczek

Release the Hounds

Rescue Me star Denis Leary rants about his favorite canine, the Irish wolfhound.

HOW'D YOU COME TO OWN ONE OF THE LARGEST DOG BREEDS ON THE PLANET?

Whenever we'd go back to Ireland to visit family, we'd see these giant friggin' dogs lying around and walking the sidewalks off leashes, freaking out the tourists. We got two in 1999. Since then we've never had a deer problem.

THEY CHASE DEER?

You kidding? They eat them. Deer. Chickens. Wolfhounds helped kill off the wolves in Ireland. My family and I had an old chicken farm, and when we got our wolfhounds, Clancy and Duffy, they ate, like, 30 chickens and 27 gunny hens. That was the end of that. No more chicken farm! Clancy would sneak up on ponies. He's bigger than they were. He saw a sandwich.

Great around my kids. But one time he scarfed down the headlights on an ATV. I mean, he ate a beach towel. Just ate it. Gone.

dumb as a fucking rock. Loyal. Sweet. Gentle.

HAVE THEY EVER ATTACKED STRANGERS?

They're loyal to me and to my kids, but not to the house. When I'm around, they're like, "Hey, what's up? Got a sandwich?" If a stranger walked in, they'd be, "Let me show you where the sandwiches are, so you can get me one."

HAVE ANY OTHER DOGS?

We have a rescue dog from New Orleans, a Labradoodle, and a Chihuahua named Coco. Don't tell my daughter, but her mom and I think it's actually a papillon. We love that thing. Smart as hell. She's the first small dog I've ever had.

YOU DON'T CARRY AROUND, UM, COCO IN ONE OF THOSE DOG CARRIER BAGS, DO YOU?

C'mon. But I do love to walk Coco in New York City. A week ago I'm walking her, and a guy recognizes me and does a double take at my tiny dog. I call him out, "You giving me a look, pal?" Hewas like, "Uh, no...uh, no, no." "Ithink you gave me a fucking look, guy." He bolted, and Coco started barking like crazy. Hilarious. -Mike Dawson



ME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGE

The Sexual Resolution

This year do your woman a favor by improving your performance where it matters most: in bed.



couple of months ago, I received a frantic call from my friend Kate.* Her boyfriend had just done something heinous, and it didn't involve cheating or replying incorrectly when she asked if she looked fat in a pair of jeans. He had just tried a new move in bed, and it was, well, less than successful. When she asked him what he was doing, he proudly told her that the horrid act of manual stimulation was called "the threepronged pleaser," and he'd heard about it from one of his friends. "All I'll say is that it involved the very uncomfortable and awkward placement of three of his fingers," Kate said. "It was awful and completely turned me off."

Generally speaking, women are totally supportive of any efforts men make to freshen up their skills in the bedroom, no matter how expert they may already be. After all, even Tiger Woods needs to work on his swing every now and then. However, before you start putting

someone else's tips to use, it's vital to consider the source. Why take advice from a sweaty frat brother when you can get it from real women instead? True, asking anyone who's not your girlfriend how she likes to be brought to a screaming orgasm might be considered sexual harassment (prudes!); that's why I've done it for you. Through interviews with more than a dozen women who've been on the receiving end of some of the best—and worst—tricks in the history of sex, I've compiled a list of seven essential moves. Work them into your repertoire now and 2009 will be the Year of the Lay.

1. Lend a Hand

You may have heard that women have tons of weird, hidden erogenous zones, like the backs of their knees or their armpits. But before you start sucking on her nostril, take note: There's one obvious area you're missing. "Hands are loaded with pressure points that lead to other areas of a woman's body," says author and sex educator Jamye Waxman. "And because we're

always using them in one way or another, it's very erotic to treat them as sexual objects instead." Missy, a 24-year-old bartender, can attest to this from experience: "I once had a guy, in the middle of making out, start licking between my fingers, like he was eating out my hand. The feeling was incredible and totally unexpected. After that I was more than ready to see if he could do the same below the belt."

You don't necessarily need to perform oral on her palm to pull it off. In fact, hand-play is something you can easily do in public to rev her up for later. The next time you're at dinner or a movie, start massaging her palm with light pressure, and gently twist and pull on her fingers. Then when you get into the privacy of your own home—or a nearby coatroom—you can give the rest of her a rubdown, too.

2. Be a Cheerleader

Men always say nothing makes a girl better in bed than enthusiasm. Our recommendation to you is no different. "I've been with so many guys who are reserved during sex," says Lucy, 32. "Maybe they think that's more masculine, but it makes sex boring. I want somebody who's excited to be there!" Every woman I spoke to agreed: You can be filthy rich, wellhung, and able to find a G-spot in a haystack, but none of that matters (well, not much, anyway) if you're not eager and passionate in the sack. When you're gung-ho, it makes everything more fun—and cancels out any hang-ups we might have. "It's hard for me to relax during oral sex," says Trisha, a 28-year-old editor. "But all that changed when I started dating a guywho loved going down on me. He'd get me worked up by saying how much he wanted his face between my thighs. Then he'd tell me how good I tasted. He'd drive the point home by taking his sweet time, and I was sure he loved every second."

3. Get Sloppy

Yes, women love to smell nice and obsessively use hand sanitizer. But that doesn't mean we want our sex lives to be neat and sterile. "There's nothing hotter than when my boyfriend and I are drenched in sweat when we're screwing," says Lindsay, a 24-year-old waitress. An even better way to get down and dirty? Take your act into the kitchen. Jill, a 28-year-old receptionist, had always fantasized about doing it on a kitchen table—one that had been set for dinner. "I told my boyfriend how hot I thought it would be to be so caught up in the moment that you just sweep everything onto the floor and fuck right there," she says. "So one night he cooked for me, set the table with plastic plates and cups, and, halfway through, did just that. I didn't even mind that there were mashed potatoes stuck to my wall."

4. Don't Spare the Rod

It may be hard to believe that anyone could love your package as much as you do, but...well, women come pretty damn close. And we want you to use it to its full potential—not just thrust away like a jackhammer. "I love it when a guy uses his dick to stimulate my clit, similar to a vibrator. Like when he kind of rubs me with it or taps it there really lightly and quickly," says 29-year-old Lisa, a court reporter.

The truth is, we don't just want to feel you inside us; we want to see what you've got, too. Says 23-year-old grad student Tara: "Sometimes when my ex and I were doing it missionary, he'd lift himself up a bit so I could watch him enter me in slow motion. It was like watching our own porno." Contrary to popular belief, we don't really want to gaze into your eyes the whole time we're screwing. Give us a chance to ogle your manhood instead.

Bad Moves Hall of Fame

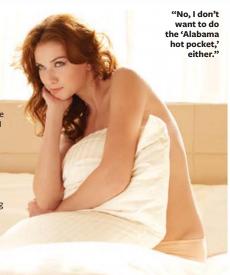
Women always remember their best hookups—and their worst.

"In the middle of a hot one-night stand a guy asked me to lick him—all over, like on his arms, chest, and legs. I told him I wasn't a dog, then left." **Allison, 25**

"An ex once applied my lip-plumping gloss—which makes your lips warm and tingly—before going down on me. My other lips were burning all night." Jess, 27

"I once had a boyfriend try to put me into the wheelbarrow—my hands on the floor, him standing, holding my legs on either side of his waist. I don't want to feel like a piece of gardening equipment." **Selene, 31**

"In college a guy busted out 'the shocker.' He must've thought because of the name that it's supposed to be executed roughly. He thought wrong." Aimee, 28



5. Have a Talk

Unless you're doing it in a library, silent sex is rarely a good thing. When you're vocal, it's not just a turn-on; it's aural confirmation that we're doing things right. "I still remember the best blow job I ever gave," says Jenny, a 30-year-old photographer. "I knew it must've been awesome because the guy started moaning and whispering my namewhile I was doing it. Hearing that got me so excited I didn't want to stop. I was actually kind of sad when he came."

Being vocal, of course, can range from heavy breathing to filthy talk. Finding out where your girl falls on the spectrum may require a little trial and error. "When I first started dating my boyfriend, he emitted lots of grunts and groans to test the waters," says Hannah, a 27-year-old attorney. "Once he saw I was comfortable with that, he got more risqué. The more graphic he was, the better. We realized very quickly that 'Do you like my tongue in your pussy?' was way more of a turn-on than 'Do you like this?'"

6. Don't Move

Just because you have a large mental Rolodex of sex positions you've read about or tried out in the past, it doesn't mean you have to do them all in one session. And for God's sake, don't switch from one to the next if we are really enjoying ourselves. "I dated this guy who'd always change positions right as I was getting into it," says Janine, 31, a lab technician. "It drove me nuts. It was like he was trying to work every ridiculous porn move he'd ever seen into sex because he thought that would impress

me. But if I'm 10 seconds from coming and you suddenly rearrange our bodies, I'm just gonna be annoyed." It's fine to switch things up a bit, but pay attention to her reactions. "If she's close to orgasm, her breathing quickens, her body stiffens, her clit swells, and her face gets flushed," says Waxman. If you see any of those signs—or if she's shouting, "Fuck, yes! Don't stop!"—stick with what you're doing.

7. Ask for Help

The female orgasm is a finicky beast, and we realize you have only so many hands, mouths, and other appendages at your disposal to coax it out of hibernation. That's why we love a man who isn't afraid to call for backup—in the form of sex toys, that is. The trick to getting comfortable with them is to start small. "A guy I dated used a condom that came with one of those vibrating rings he could wrap around his cock," says Leah, a 29-year-old project manager. "It kept him involved in the action and provided just the extra stimulation I needed to have an amazing orgasm. I came in two minutes."

If you're curious, but turned off by the vibe your girlfriend has—one of those massive spinning numbers with attachments and flopping parts—invest in one you can both use. "My ex bought me a cute little vibrator that wasn't phallic at all. It looked like a palm-size kidney bean, curvy and made to fit perfectly over my pussy," says Melissa, a 26-year-old model. "I lovedit! If I didn't come from penetration, he'd use it on me right after. It never failed." Follow that lead, and you never will, either.

Candy Man

Our fearless tester, Penn Jillette, spent a week tasting chocolates to determine the best.

hese days chocolate is fancy business. People talk about it like it's wine or coffee. Now, I don't know a damn thing about wine-I'm a lifelong teetotaler-and I assume anyone who does is a needle-dick. And because of my puritanical atheist roots, I also try to avoid caffeine. But I love the atmosphere of Starbucks, and by "atmosphere" I mean that every off-duty Vegas showgirl and lap dancer seems to hit the Bucky's on Tropicana and Decatur, which is always on my way to or from somewhere. For that atmosphere, I finally got myself drinking the stupidest drink you can order: an iced Venti decaf five-shot Americano. It's just a big cup of taste-bud-crushing bitterness that doesn't even contain a buzz.

So I don't know about fine wine, but I have learned to drink bitter coffee, and I'm a fat fuck who likes candy. Those are my limitations and qualifications to write about candy bars, which is what Maxim has asked me to do, as part of Criss Angel's secret plot to kill me. They hired me to taste and then rank every chocolate bar they could send—from fancy-ass gourmet ones to drugstore classics to weird Midwestern bars filled with all kinds of crap. I ate them all over one week, which was as hard a job as eating chocolate in a house in paradise can be. Not having any real caffeine tolerance, the first day I was speeding like a silkscreener at Andy Warhol's Factory in 1968. This was hard work.

One disclaimer: I hate dark chocolate. I guess dark chocolate is the essence of chocolate, which, like the essence of everything, is dirt. I know some people love it, but not me. And I tried. I eat really stinky cheese, anchovies, weird-ass olives, and all that grown-up stuff, but although I kept tasting it, I couldn't like dark chocolate. It's not candy.

10. Green & Black's Organic White Chocolate

So dark chocolate sucks, and this company, unfortunately, makes a lot of it. All the Green & Black's candy I ate tasted like dirt, except for one: their white chocolate. It's really great—smooth mouthfeel, terrific flavor. Of course, there's really no such thing as "white chocolate," as chocolate is made from cocoa solids,



which white chocolate doesn't contain. So it's a little like developing a taste for unicorn piss.

9. Vosges Mo's Bacon Bar

Bacon is the candy of meat, so this is a brilliant idea. In fact, it should have been my favorite, but it wasn't, and here's why: It doesn't double the deliciousness to put bacon and chocolate together. It's actually less good than having them separately. Bacon is so good by itself that to put it in any other food is an admission of failure. You're basically saying, "I can't make this other food taste good, so I'll throw in bacon." So bacon-wrapped scallops, for example, convey that you are unable to prepare scallops. You had to go to bacon. Chocolate has the same effect: You dip a shoe in chocolate, it's gonna be pretty good. So putting the two of them together is totally unnecessary, because they're both already 100 percent awesome. It's the

same reason nature makes it so that you can't get a blow job and fuck at the same time.

8. Owyhee Old Faithful

Before I got to Owyhee's Old Faithful, I came across their Idaho Spud, a turd-looking thing with coconut sprinkled on the outside. Fuck, I hate candy-bar coconut. My dad put a shitload of Mounds and Almond Joys in my stocking one Christmas, and I ate so many I puked my guts out. Because I'm a professional, I tried it, but I still hate it. I was about to write off the Owyhee company, but then I unwrapped the chocolaty, peanutty Old Faithful, which brought back a better Christmas memory: nice chocolate like my mom used to melt in a double boiler for her holiday peanut clusters. And then I got to this weird-ass marshmallow in the middle. What is it with the Midwest and their weird shit in the middle of their candy?

7. Lake Champlain Five Star Caramel Bar

Generally speaking, I don't like anything in my candy but candy. Stuff like almonds, for example, just gets in theway. I believe it's the second law of thermodynamics: If there is an almond there, then by definition candy cannot be in that space. Caramel, on the other hand, is candy. How do I know? It's just like pornography: I know it when I taste it. And this bar is all candy. It's modern rich-people chocolate filled with great chocolate-from-a-box-style caramel. It's nice and fat like me, and really delicious.

6. Reese's Peanut Butter Cups

OK, so I ate a bunch of fancy candy bars, and then I needed a break. I needed to get the taste of dirt out of my mouth. That's when peanut butter cups stepped in and saved me. Man, aren't they great? You don't have to know jack—they just taste really good, and the mouth feel is amazing. The best part of eating them is that we've convinced ourselves in America that peanut butter is real food. Really, peanut butter is basically candy, yet here you can have it for a meal. These actually feel nutritious to me.

5. Nestlé 100 Grand

I signed the biggest contract of my life in New York City, and my girlfriend at the time got me a couple of these to celebrate the deal. If I got to eat them only when I signed deals like that, I would have forgotten what they taste like, but I eat them even when I don't get paid 100 grand for something. Caramely, crunchy...good.

4. Necco Clark Bar

Know what N-E-C-C-O stands for? New England Confectionery Company. I'm from New England, and this is my favorite company name. In fact, I'll blow you right now for a roll of Necco wafers. But they're not part of this article. A Clark bar is pure candy. I was trying to eat just one bite of each candy bar, but I couldn't do it with the Clark bar. I *love* it. These guys have been doing business since 1847: "The oldest multi-line candy company in the United States." Multi-line is a weasel word there, but they're still way old, so they know what they're doing. The brochure they sent me is like *The Pilgrim's Progress*. These are candy pioneers.

3. Necco Sky Bar

Right before a high school girlfriend dumped me, she bought me a Sky Bar, and I was sentimental about it. A new girlfriend came on the scene, fed me the old sentimental Sky Bar, and then fucked me. Do I like it? What do you think? Feed me one, please. Four different sections of chocolate bar: one caramel, one fudge, one peanut, and one white cream stuff. It's a box of chocolates in a bar. And in 1938 it was announced by skywriting all over the country. This bar has everything for me: sex and skywriting, chocolate, caramel, gunky stuff, fudge, and peanut. And the fuckers only sent me one. Every other company sent boxes. I take back all that great stuff I said about Necco. Fuck them and that old high school girlfriend.

2. Palmer Candy Co. Twin Bing

This is my trainer's favorite (yes, I have a trainer-can you imagine what I would look like if I didn't?). He's from the Midwest and has the body fat of a motorcycle. He said, "I burn enough calories, so I can eat anything I want." Fuck him and the candy bar he rode in on. Make no mistake, Twin Bing is a weird-ass candy. The peanut-and-chocolate-like stuff on the outside is cool, but what is that pink shit in the middle? You know when you buy a box of chocolates and you're looking for the caramels and you bite into one of those pink centers and it's awful? Well, this isn't nearly as bad as that. But it still ain't quite right. Then again, my trainer is a piece of ass, and I'm not, so maybe he's right about Twin Bing. They're awesome.

Cadbury Dairy Milk

Cadbury is the best chocolate and maybe the best food. I've been told that Hershey licenses Cadbury in the U.S. and the Cadbury candy overseas is even better than what we get here. That's OK; we've got Elvis and Dylan. Let them have the better chocolate. (Just make sure if you buy one it wasn't made in China; Cadbury recalled some Chinese-made candy last fall after discovering it contained melamine—which goes in fertilizer!)

Iremember flying into England, starving, in the middle of the night. I took some of their "money," dropped it into a machine, and had my first Dairy Milk. It was the greatest thing I'd ever eaten; and on an empty, caffeine-virgin stomach, it threw off my schedule for the whole trip. That experience was awful and should have queered me on Cadbury, but it's just too good. And the bars are huge. Maybe in skinny countries people split them or save part for later, but here in the U.S.A. the whole bar is an individual serving. The mouthfeel is perfect, and it's wonderfully creamy, with just the right amount of sweet. If I had to say something bad about it, I would say the name is stupid. Dairy Milk? Of course milk is dairy; that's what dairy is...milk! But I found out why they call it that: Other candy companies put in powdered milk, and these guys use liquid milk. That's classy and well-done—and it's still candy. GREAT!





Alexander the Great

The NHL's greatest player, Alex Ovechkin, lives the American dream.

e moves through the crowd like a rock star, trailed by the flotsam of his family and friends. Men in tuxedos stop him, smile, ask for his autograph. Women clad in slinky gowns coo at him with a rapturous look in their eyes. His father ushers over two NFL cheerleaders in hot pants and pushes them toward his son, who looks at them, his eyes halflidded with disinterest, tugging on his shirt collar. He is an almost-handsome young man of 23, tall, with a Beatles mop of hair falling over his eyes, a broken nose, a missing front tooth, a stubble of beard. In his black suit, black shirt, and white tie, he looks like a character out of the movie Eastern Promises, as played by Jaws from the Bond flicks. Alexander Ovechkin is here at SneakerBall, held in the Washington,

D.C. National Building Museum, to be honored as the D.C. Sportsman of the Year.

Ovechkin, a Moscow native, is the greatest hockey player on the planet. He was the Washington Capitals' number one overall draft choice in 2004, the NHL Rookie of the Year in 2006, the NHL MVP in 2008, the highest goal scorer for the past three years, and "the man who saved D.C. hockey," taking a last-place team in 2006 to their division championship in 2008. For all this he was rewarded with a key to the city and the sport's most lucrative contract ever, \$124 million over 13 years.

Ovechkin is one of a handful of dynamic young players who are trying to lead the NHL to a resurgence after years of goonery, drabness, and declining revenues, which culminated in the disastrous lockout of 2004–2005. From Sidney Crosby and Evgeni Malkin of

the Penguins to the Flyers' Mike Richards, these new players are being aggressively marketed, not only fortheir talents but also for their larger-than-life personalities. The stakes are high. In the decade since Wayne Gretzky skated off into the sunset, hockey has been limping toward oblivion. It wasn't that long ago that the sport could legitimately claim its place alongside football, baseball, and basketball, but 2007's Stanley Cup produced record-low ratings for NBC, and the vast majority of games are shown not on a major network or even ESPN, but on cable's Versus network along with cycling, bull riding, and SlamBall. Can Ovechkin's emergence change all that?

Alex the Great has been called the most dangerous scorer in all of hockey, and his highlight reels have become YouTube must-sees. As with most prolific scorers, he can strike with a quick flick of his wrists or with a long, arm-sweeping slap shot. Three years ago he scored a goal that's been called the greatest shot ever, against the Gretzky-coached Phoenix Coyotes. Ovechkin was knocked to the ice; he slid on his back past the Coyotes' net; then, while still on his back, he reached his stick behind his head and flicked in the puck. Gretzky looked on in disbelief.

"Most skilled scorers are one-dimensional," says Bruce Boudreau, the Capitals' coach. "Alex, at 6'2", 220 pounds, is like a freight train with skills. He's aggressive, but with a deft touch. He can hit you into next week." Most Russian players have a reputation for being passionless drones, technically proficient but selfish, indifferent, sour, without heart. Boudreau calls them "gloomy," but as teammate Matt Bradley, 30, says, "Alex is the opposite of most Russian players. He likes to mix it up."

"I like to hit people," Ovechkin concedes. "I like the dirty work."

Ovechkin says that when he came to America at 20, he was "scared...homesick...I leave everything," but still he insisted on rooming with a North American player, not a Russian. "I watch American TV. I want to learn English, be able to talk to people, hang out with teammates." He flashes his gap-toothed grin and adds, "Talk with American girls, too."

That first year, he spent his free time wandering D.C. to "watch beautiful city with lots of memorials. Watch girls, too. I am from Russia. We have fun." Despite press reports of Alex's luxurious mansion full of gorgeous Russian girlfriends, his life was low-key for a sports phenom. Since coming to America, he's lived at various times with his older brother and his parents. His father, Mikhail, a portly whitehaired man who drove a taxi in Moscow, is a romantic who describes hockey as theater. His

"For Prince show, I wear all purple. Even paint lips."

mother is a cold realist who thinks of hockey as her son does: "Like war," Alex says. Tatiana was a star Soviet Olympic basketball player during the Cold War. When asked if the Ovechkins would stay in America after Alex's hockey days are over, she says, "Americans treat my son wonderfully...But we not stay in America. Alex will give same answer."

I meet Ovechkin at his house in Arlington, Virginia. We're supposed to drive to Baltimore, where Alex is set to shoot a commercial for Hair Cuttery, a chain of discount salons where he got his first haircuts in America. I'm met outside by Alex's business agent, Konstantin Selinevich. "You can't come in," he says. "Wait outside until Alex is ready." Alex emerges 20 minutes later trailed by a petite blonde in cutoff jeans. She says something in Russian to Ovechkin and goes back into the house.

As we get into Ovechkin's Mercedes, he says to me, "Sit in back." Then he fires up his 700 hp AMG and peels out. I lean forward and ask if he has acquired any American ways. "No! No! No!" he says. "I am Rooshian. I stay Rooshian all my life." Then he cranks up Eastern European

techno that drowns out any more questions.

Selinevich is 38 but looks much younger, a slight man with a short, spiky hairdo. He tells me he has been in America for 11 years. When I ask what he's been doing, he says, "Selling drugs and banging girls. I bring Russian girls to whorehouses in States." Then he laughs.

The Hair Cuttery shoot is in an old brick building that used to be an oyster-shucking house. A white-haired man greets Ovechkin with a smile and says, "Ready for your cut?" Ovechkin, frowning, says, "No haircut."

The man grins. "You're kidding, right?" "No haircut."

Ovechkin slumps down in a barber's chair. A beautician wearing a miniskirt and studded black boots pretends to be cutting his hair while Ovechkin is photographed and filmed.

The shoot lasts four hours but was supposed to last eight. As we get ready to leave, Ovechkin says to me, "I told you I not get haircut."

Driving through Baltimore, he takes a pinch of tobacco and puts it inside his cheek. He comes up on the bumper of a Saab approaching a green light. The light turns yellow, and the Saab stops. Ovechkin screams out, "Go through fockink light! See what I mean! In Russia, yellow light means 'fockit.'

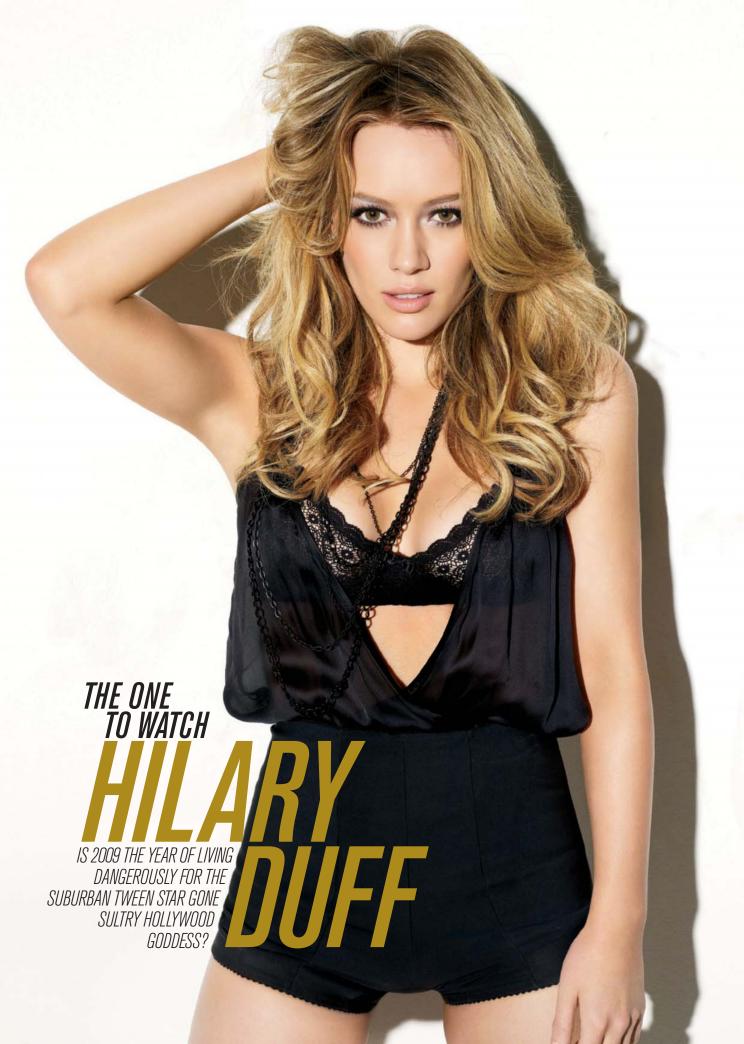
"America too much rules. See cop, slow down. In America, you want to do something, you have to think. In Russia, just do it."

Ovechkin gets on the highway and speeds up. He says, "Here, Americans not care what they wear. In Moscow is more high fashion." He adds, "Russian girls more beautiful than American girls, too."

When we reach Arlington, he drops me off at my hotel. Before I get out of the car, I ask one last question: What's the best advice he's ever been given in America?

"Everyone tell me to be myself," Ovechkin says. "I am Rooshian. I am always myself."









new BFF, whom she'll crown as such with a plastic scepter on MTV. What she does have is a booming multimedia career, three movies arriving in theaters this year, and one secret weapon: her killer body.

As an enduring tween sensation—playing Lizzie McGuire on the eponymous Disney Channel show, cranking out a dozen hit films for her 12-to 16-year-old fan base, and kah-chinging 14 million records to sold-out arena audiences of soccer moms and mall-going daughters wearing her cutesy fashion line—Hilary Duff has proved that being squeaky-clean has its rewards. This past fall, however, she turned 21, and there's something about that "of age" number that will make a good girl go in search of her darker, sexier side. The recent music video for her hit single "Reach Out" vividly displayed a sultrier, more scantily clad Hilary.

The new-look Duffwill be much on display in her three films this year. First up is *Greta*, in which she plays a suicide-obsessed waitress involved in an interracial relationship. Next is *Safety Glass*, a drama costarring madman Brit Steve Coogan, followed by indie-filmmaking team the Polish brothers' *Stay Cool*. In that film Duff portrays a sexy high school student who seduces a visiting author. Roll over, Mr. Nabokov!



IN YOUR MUSIC VIDEO FOR "REACH OUT," YOU ARE QUITE THE TEMPTRESS. WAS THAT AN INTENTIONAL IMAGE MAKEOVER?

I was ready to do something different. The intent was not to be overtly sexual; I'm not naked. I do have little shorts on in it—but I also wear a giant tutu. It's good to show different sides of yourself.

YOUR HAIR IS BLONDE AGAIN. BUT YOU'VE BEEN A REDHEAD, A BRUNETTE—WHAT'S ALL THE SHAPE-SHIFTING ABOUT?

Ilove changing my look and my image. I found that people treated me differently with dark hair, so I kept it for a while. It's great to explore being different people. Blondes definitely get treated in a more protective way!

YOUR NEW MOVIE CHOICES ARE DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT, TOO.

I see an acting career lasting longer in my life than a singing career. I've been thinking of the long term. Greta is an indie picture, which I love. The character's obsessed with suicide. She's funny and artistic and impossible not to like. I felt like I related to her exactly—minus the suicide part.

AND THE OTHER FILMS?

In Safety Glass I got to work with Steve Coogan, who is so interesting. Guys like John Cusack [her costar in last year's War, Inc.] and Coogan are just so smart, so cool—I had crushes on both of them. Oh, and Stay Cool is really funny. I got to play this girl trying to seduce this older guy—so fun to do.

YOU JUST TURNED 21. ARE YOU STILL A TWEEN QUEEN?

Mothers come up to me and say, "Don't ever change; you're such a good girl." I am a good girl. But how can I say I won't ever change? That's impossible. And trust me, being a really good girl can work against you!

WELL, AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SCANDAL SHEET.

I've had little opportunity to get in trouble because I've been working for years. Being distracted by work can be a good thing! I also don't have too much to rebel against.

CLEARLY: IT'S REPORTED YOU MAKE \$15 MILLION ANNUALLY.

Every year's different. But I've had good years like that.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUN TO BE SINGLE AND FAMOUS?

I'm a relationship person. Now it's all over the Internet that I'm getting engaged to my boyfriend [New York Islander Mike Comrie]. The truth is, I just like to wear rings!

WHAT'S THE WORST THING EVER WRITTEN ABOUT YOU?

I've been accused by the press of giving lap dances at clubs. Imean, little ol'me? It's shocking. People love to believe it—it's way more exciting to talk about than the truth! And they're so descriptive about these lap dances. I don't even know how to do a lap dance!

DID YOUR NOW-INFAMOUS COMMENT ABOUT BEING A VIRGIN, QUOTED IN A MAGAZINE BACK IN 2006, COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU?

You know what? I was *quoted* saying I was a virgin, but I absolutely *didnot* say that. That's nobody's business but my own. Somehow it turned into a *bad* thing!

DAMNED IF YOU DO, DAMNED IF YOU DON'T?

I know that's how this business—and life—works. At the end of the day, though, I have to make myself happy.









Shapely of body, gravelly of voice, ScarJo defines womanly perfection circa 2009. (We're not acknowledging that she's married—damn you, Ryan Reynolds!) Scarlett is that rare creature who is strikingly attractive and consistently appears in projects we actually want to see. Whether she's serving as Woody Allen's personal muse (and Viagra supplement), giving disturbingly sexy voice to the deranged toys of Robot Chicken, or appearing as a femme fatale in this month's The Spirit, she always brings the goodness. Scarlett's appearing in a slew of upcoming flicks—and, if there's a God in heaven, divorce court—before the year is out.







BLAKE LIVELY

THE IT GIRL

Playing a perfect prep-school queen bee on the steamy nighttime soap Gossip Girl doesn't seem to be much of a stretch for the flawless Blake Lively. Her cascading blonde locks and seductive smile were enough to win the Tarzana, California native a starring role in the Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants film franchise—her first major acting job—after she simply dropped her photo on a table at the audition, then walked out. Up next for the 21-year-old beauty: a part in the big-screen drama The Private Lives of Pippa Lee. Don't wanna sit through a two-hour chick flick just to catch a glimpse of Lively? Take a good look at this photo, then revise your answer.



THE PROM QUEEN VANESSA HUDGENS

Disney's most dangerous damsel is the main reason we know what the hell High School Musical is. Vanessa's beauty is a blend of Filipino, Native American, Chinese, Latin, and Irish, a look that is appealing to her worldwide network of tween fans and tastier than "international day" in the Maxim cafeteria. Far more than just a pretty face, Vanessa is a budding pop star with two solo albums under her tiny belt. Expect more of her singing chops on display in 2009's Band Slam, in which she joins yet another cute high school music group. Why mess with a winning formula?



THE POP PRINCESS

KATY PERRY

Oh, Katy, how we've longed for you. A bi-curious preacher's daughter who looks like she should be painted on the nose of a B-52 bomber? Yes, please! With her inescapably catchy ditty "I Kissed a Girl," the lovely Miss Perry scored the undisputed summer jam of '08. It wasn't just her scantily clad lesploitation pop that had us drooling, however. The singer, who kicks off the second leg of her world tour this month, is also blessed with the finest set of, um, vocal cords this side of Dolly Parton. Sure to bust out with even more hits this year, Katy's staking her claim as bona fide rock royalty.









OLIVIA WILDE

THE HEARTSTOPPER

While it probably goes against the Hippocratic oath for a doctor to make body temperatures rise, that's precisely what Olivia Wilde does each week on *House M.D.* Her character's near lethal combination of brains and bisexuality adds a dose of raw sex appeal to Fox's ratings juggernaut. Don't think, however, that this alum of *The O.C.* is content burning up flatscreens. This year Olivia will be giving multiplexes a one-two punch, first in the indie flick *In North Wood*, then in the Judd Apatow-produced *The Year One*. Starring opposite Jack Black in this prehistoric comedy, she will no doubt reduce summer moviegoers to drooling Neanderthals.



THE SUPERGIRL HAYDEN PANETTIERE

There's a reason that God made cheerleader outfits, and you're looking at her. No, not the counter girl you're buying this issue from. We're talking about the superest Hero of them all, Hayden Panettiere. Born to be a star, she nabbed her first gig in a Playskool commercial when she was 11 months old. Since then she has blossomed into the sexiest thing on NBC since Joey. But the idiot box cannot contain this feisty sexpot. She's got three movies heading your way, including I Love You, Beth Cooper, in which she plays the hottest girl in school. Now, there's a stretch.



THE REAL THING AUDRINA

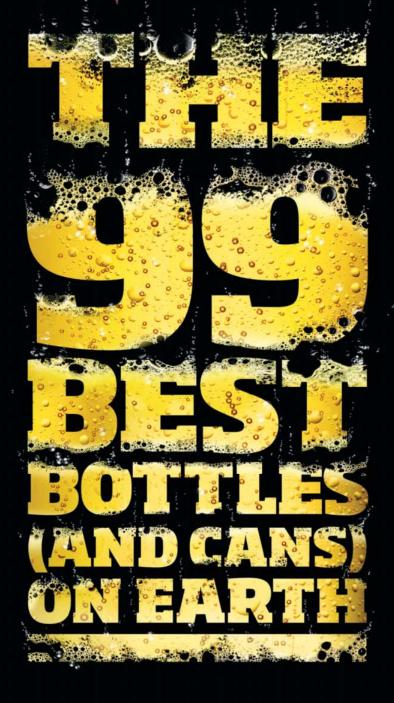
PATRIDGE

If you don't know who Audrina Patridge is, you're lacking a girlfriend, a TV, or a set of working eyes. The one-time bit player on MTV's reality phenomenon The Hills has been placed front and center this past season, knocking aside bickering blondes Lauren Conrad and Heidi Montag. If you won't be tuning in to the upcoming fifth season (or need an excuse to leave the house), you can catch the busty brunette in theaters. This year sees Audrina in the sub-sealevel sequel Into the Blue 2 and the collegiate slasher flick Sorority Row. Pledge at your own risk.









Beer snobs—youknow, dudes in plaid shirts who talk about "hoppiness"—will try to tell you that if it doesn't taste like liquid bark, it's not the real thing. We say, "Enough!" Sure, that silty stuff is OK now and then, but not when you're looking to do some session drinking with your friends, sex partners, or any combination of the two. To set you free, the Maxim staff downed hundreds of soldiers to create the most drinkable beer menu ever. Hold on to your liver.

The Big Boys Beer nerds need not apply. Real men who like to drink? The Mighty Macros are in the fridge.

Michelob Ultra

Pale Lager • St. Louis Rainwater light, Mich Ultra is the perfect beer to drink during mid-August sweatfests, be it on a steamy golf course or in your YMCA sauna.

Heineken

Pale Lager • The Netherlands Don't let its uppity import rep spook you; Heini just want to hang, bro. It's crisp bite will high-five you every time.

Miller Lite

Light Lager • Milwaukee Sugary and clean, this Igloo-cooler soldier is like our mouth.

Michelob

Lager • St. Louis A woody taste. This dry classic beer goes down easy, without any aftertaste.

Miller Genuine Draft

Pale Lager • Milwaukee Light, with a touch of hops that triggers fond memories of high school parties. This is a good thing.

Bud Light (aluminum bottle)

Pale Lager • St. Louis The King of Beer's low-cal bro is our choice for drinking all night when dieting.



Amstel Light

Pale Lager • Amsterdam This hoppy lager can be downed for hours.

Stella Artois

Pale Lager • Belgium Think of this glass-smooth beer as a cute Euro gal you can drink with all night till you pass out and she steals your money belt.

Harp

Pale Lager • Ireland

 ${\sf Harp's\, \widetilde{g}olden\, liquid\, is\, milder\, in\, taste\, than}$ its cousins Guinness and Smithwick's.

Michelob Light

Lager • St. Louis

Hints of caramel are a welcome bonus in this beer that runs right though you.

Belgian Wheat • Toronto We kind of hate wheat beers, but we love this one. Hints of Bazooka gum (no joke).

Miller High Life

Pale Lager • Milwaukee

The Champagne of Beers starts mild but ends crisp and sweet. Love that bottle.

Budweiser (aluminum bottle)

Pale Lager • St. Louis

The essential beer, with a snappy bite.

The Crisp Crew Meet the quenching, bold beauties that bite you back so good.

























STAFF PICK FEATURES EDITOR DAVID SWANSON



Peroni Lager • Italy This robust Roman makes us want to put on

a track suit and play hide the salami!

Carlsberg Pale Lager • Denmark A fine, grassy brew with a tart finish.

Tennent's of Scotland

Pale Lager • Scotland Tastes like a Miller High Life with a brogue.

Löwenbräu Original

Lager • Germany This sweet, tangy lager is well-suited to get you through long Bavarian nights.

Beck's Pilsner • Germany Light, bold, and cures the thirsties fast.

St. Pauli Girl

Lager • Germany Mild and malty with a clean finish and an über-hottie on the bottle.

Warsteiner Light

German Pilsner • Germany A harsh start, chuggable finish.

Pilsner Urquell

Pilsner • Czech Republic Refreshingly bitter.

Kirin Ichiban Pale Lager • Japan We're happy to let this dry beer run kamikaze missions on our mouths any summer day.

Fischer Amber

Amber Ale • France Leaves a sweet taste on the lips, much like our neighbor's frisky French au pair.

Modelo Especial

Lager • Mexico

When habanero-infused carnitas are tearing your intestines apart, it's best to drink a beer that's light, uncomplicated, and goes down easy. Check, check, and check!

Tiger Lager • Singapore Clean and smooth, with a sugary finish. We

like to pair it with spicy noodles and online Singaporean foot-binding porn.

Staropramen

Pilsner • Czech Republic

Peppery and great with late-night hot dogs. If it didn't see us inhaling chili footlongs, it would have totally gone home with us.

Duvel

Pale Ale • Belgium

Citrus notes and surprisngly smooth despite its liver-loving 8.5 percent alcohol.



Maxim Brew School The difference in beer styles is in the details. Here's your flavor cheat sheet.



























1. Malted Barley seeds soak in water and are dried in a kiln to create malt. The temp and duration in the kiln deteremine the type of beer. For example, to make pale malt (for pale ale) you bake at 125°F for two days. 2. Mashed Malt + H2O + Heat = Mash 3. Lautered Mash is strained, leaving a sugary liquid called wort. Yum! 4. Boiled Wort is boiled. Hops (a cuz of cannibus) is added; the longer hops steep, the bitterer the beer. 5. Fermented Yeast is added, then it sits, ferments. Bottom-fermenting yeast: lagers, pilsners; top-fermenting: ales, ambers, stouts. 6. Conditioned Aged and carbonation is tweaked. Filtered so no yeast chunks hit the lips. 7. Bottled Next stop, your mouth hole!

Fun Punch From Paradise Who needs a week off when you can climb into a bottle?

Gordon Biersch Blonde Bock

Auburn Lager • San Jose, California If you like malty beer, consider this your Maltese falcon. Not for the wimpy of tongue.

Sierra Nevada

Pale Ale • Chico, California The high notes are citrus and floral; the baseline is a hoppy boom. A perfect beer.

Carta Blanca

Pale Lager • Mexico

Light, crisp, and completely quaffable, Carta Blanca is arguably the best beer in the world to drink after you've been released by your Mexico City kidnappers.

Anchor Steam Been

Steam Beer • San Francisco Like many San Franciscans, Anchor Steam is rich and fruity, with chiseled abs.

Sol

Pale Lager • Mexico

This beer's name means "sun" in Spanish. Also, did you know that this sweet, lemony brew with a wet-hay finish will make you forget most of your incredibly sad life for a few hours? Now you do.

Brahma

Pale Lager • Brazil

We love this thirst-quenching Rio-born beer best while wearing a banana hammock.



Pacifico Clara

Pale Lager • Mexico Bubbly and bright, ideal for a seaside ceviche lunch, pantsless in the sun with a loved one. Drink it very, very cold, because when it starts to warm, it tastes like a wet phone book.

Primo Island Lager

Lager • Lihue, Hawaii This Hawaiian surfer favorite has hints of berry, salt, and tanned feet.

Presidente

Pale Lager • Dominican Republic A great warm-weather sidekick, it tastes limed and salted without adding either.

Red Stripe

Lager • Jamaica

This sweet lager's pleasantly skunky smell tastes faintly of dreadlocks and oregano.

Corona Extra

Pale Lager • Mexico Pleasantly sour C-Ronas are primo summer suds, ideal for BBQs and beaches. Limes

Wheat Ale . Mendocino County, California Starts with a huge nose of roasted nuts and blueberry, then gives you a nice bitter finish.



Pale Lager • Japan
Light, wispy head, strong finish. Perfect
for overpriced Japanese steakhouse fare,
miso soup, and late-night Hentia sessions.

Light Lager • Irwindale, California Named for the famed NW mountain, this malty minx goes down fast. If we rockclimbed, we'd totally chug it afterward.

a contract the second

high-elevation hangovers

Kokanee

Pale Lager • British Columbia Enjoyed by Whistler ski bums for years, this full-flavored light beer can totally score you some powder, bro. Just be cool.

Dale's Pale Ale (Oskar Blues)

Pale Ale • Lyons, Colorado

The brew crew at Oskar Blues brew pub near Boulder are living the dream: skiing, mountian biking, and making-then-downing this bitter, fun punch to the palate.

Old Milwaukee

Pale Lager • Milwaukee The classiest swill on the bottom shelf, this Upper Midwest favorite wins legitimate beer snob taste tests. We like its malt flavor—just enough to lure you back for another. Then another. Then another. Infinite.

Milwaukee's Best

Pale Lager • Milwaukee Musty cereal nose, smoky taste, yet still superlight. The pro's choice for beer-bonging, shotgunnin', and a deadly head-to-head match-up of Beer Hunter.

Natural Light

Pilsner • St. Louis
King of frat house chug-a-thons, Natty
Light's mild brew is ideal for el cheapo
partying. Just beware—and avoid—an
embarrassing "Natastrophe."

King Cobra

Malt Liquor • St. Louis Cobra has a grainy, light-beer-like taste but finishes harshly in the back of the throat, graciously numbing your palate to future swigs. A staff pre-party fave.

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Beer Myths



Myth: American beer is weak compared to that of other countries> While the major domestics won't knock you on your tuckus, smaller American breweries produce plenty of heavy hitters. Samuel Adams Utopias, at 27 percent alcohol, is currently the strongest beer in the world. U.S.A.!



The Redheads Wild and mysterious, these rusty soldierettes will totally stalk your palate.

St. Pauli Girl Special Dark

Dark Lager • Germany We don't know if someone treated her badly or what, but the darker St. Pauli ended up a little complex and a little naughtier than her blonde sibling. And we like it. Eminently drinkable.

Samuel Adams Boston Lager

Lager • Boston

A go-to lager for hot wings, Mild enough to quell the fire yet hoppy enough to add nuance to the party in your mouth.

Brooklyn Lager

Lager • Brooklyn Much like the New York City borough where it's born, this lager is rife with racial tension and has overcrowded schools. And by that we mean it's loaded with malty. hoppy, slightly spicy flavor.

Newcastle

Brown Ale • U.K.

Evoking nutty flavors, this brew is surprisingly light. Perfect for those happy hour pub burger binges.

Samuel Smith's Old Brewery Pale Ale

English Pale Ale • U.K.

We say "cheerio" to this superdrinkable brew with the peaty hints of deliciousness. Stick another case in the boot, gov'ner!



Michelob Ultra Amber Light

Lager • St. Louis

Light with a rye-toast flavor. Very swiggable.

Bass Pale Ale

Pale Ale • U.K.

Like an old friend, this brew never fails to deliver rich, hoppy flavor. Also like an old friend, it occasionally tries to bang your girlfriend. Not cool, Bass Pale Ale!

Dos Equis Ambar

Dark Lager • Mexico

This easy, smoky stuff has more guts than most big American beers.

Yuengling Traditional Lager

Pale Lager • Pottsville, Pennsylvania Frothier than an Amish beard. Its complex flavor has hints of caramel.

Michelob Pale Ale

Pale Ale . St. Louis A mildly bitter, way drinkable brew.

Great Lakes Eliot Ness

Vienna • Cleveland

This smooth and sexy amber is pretty friggin' good for an uptight G-man.

Budweiser American Ale

Amber Ale • St. Louis

We adore its malty taste and love the way it never gets mad at us for coming home late.





you sting us with a chain-saw hangover?

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Myth: A foamy head is bad > Those sideways, no-head pours trap both CO₂ and the full aroma (which add to the flavor), transforming your beer into weak-tasting belch water. Aim for a two-inch head.



mind vacation from your nagging wife.



in the oil can to ensure smooth chuggin'.

Myth: The most well-preserved and freshest beers are in green bottles>Sure, many fancy imports go green, but cans and brown bottles better protect beer from the damaging effects of light.



Best of the Bottom Shelf Step 1: Remove shame. Step 2: Drink these. Step 3: What's on Skinemax?

Labatt Blue

Pilsner • Ontario

Rich and nuanced, smoother than many of its skunkier Great White North brethren.

Rolling Rock

Pale Lager • St. Louis

More watery than panties at a John Mayer concert; when it comes to a beer with a subtle bite, there's nothing better.

Ballantine Ale

Ale • Milwaukee

The cornerstore counterpart to malt liquor. the Ballantine 40 has a fruity bouquet and rockets the brain to happyland fast. Hurry!

Malt Liquor • Eden, North Carolina Oddly reminiscent of watered-down antifreeze—but if it's good enough for Ice Cube and 2Pac, it's good enough for us.

Old Style Light

Pale Lager • Milwaukee

This golden brew tastes a little like heaven, especially when downed on the sunny side of Wrigley Field while skipping work or your kid's parent-teacher conference.

Olde English 800

Malt Liquor • Milwaukee

One of the greatest cheap buzzes in the world; drink this dry-ass beer by the 40 oz.



Malt Liquor • Milwaukee

This malted baby has a grainy flavor that's as bold as Billy Dee Williams' mustache. But be sure you know the number of a good bail bondsman, because after a 40 of this it's fightin' time!

Pale Lager • New Orleans

A surprisingly tasty blend of leather, smoke, and cantaloupe notes, it's best drunk in the morning with a hangover, a cigarette, and spicy, make-your-head-sweat jambalaya.

Kronenbourg 1664

Pale Lager • France

When not drinking wine, Frenchies are pounding this cheap, spry, pleasantly bitter beer. They drink it by the pint, then make fun of your baseball cap.

Schlitz

Pale Lager • Milwaukee

Just like it says on its bottle, Schlitz is the new-old beer "that made Milwaukee famous." It's bitter and watery but invites repeat swallowing.

Lone Star

STAFF PICK SISTANT EDITOF SSE BRUKMAN

Pale Lager • San Antonio Electric chairs, concealed guns, driveways on major highways. Life is cheap in Texas. Thankfully, so is this light, no-frills beer.

Bad Name, Good Beer Hey, they can't all be named Blatz!



























Leffe Blond Pale Ale • Belgium Like a wheat beer without that annoying wax-paper aftertaste. This hay-hued ale is super fruity, in a totally not gay way.

Scrimshaw

Pilsner • Mendocino County, California A crisp session beer with buttery notes.

Tsingtao

Pale Lager • China

China's number one export? Not dangerous painted toys, but this thin-headed, light beer with a slightly hoppy floral character.

Bohemia Pilsner • Mexico Melon-tinged. Pairs well with tacos alpastor.

Harbin

Pale Lager • China Sweet. Bonus: Bottles are army-tank safe!

Smithwick's

Red Ale • Ireland Called "Smiddicks" in Ireland. Nutty, silky.

Asahi Lager • Tokyo

Sharp on the tongue. Gets you effortlessly toasted as a giddy Japanese businessman.

Leinenkugel Sunset Wheat

Wheat Ale • Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin Citrussy. Don't add an orange wedge. It ruins it. Plus, it makes you look like a girl. There. We said it.

Kingfisher Lager • India Mellow. Prefect to pair with a Bollywood flick, Tika, or tech support calls.

McSorley's Ale

Ale • Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania A gulpable amber ale. Originally brewed for one of New York City's oldest bars.

Hoegaarden Belgian White • Belgium Velvety with hints of coriander and orange. Tastes like shit, however, on Belgian waffles.

Chimay Rouge

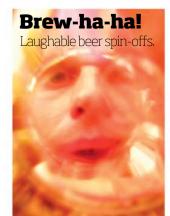
Pilsner • Belgium A reddish body and honey-sweet aroma.

Saison Dupont

Farmhouse Ale • Belgium

The Belgians, God love 'em, like to get all weird with their beer. Farmhouse ale? Whatever, dude. Still, SD is nice—bursting with notes of almond and grapefruit.

...



Cave Creek Chili Beer

Arizonan "Crazy" Ed Chilleen begins dropping serrano chili peppers into bottles of his new microbrew We're all for downing beer with chili, but there's a line you never cross. C'mon, Crazy Eddy, you're better than that.

This "malternative" beverage was rolled out at a time when clear products were hot. But a target market of twentysomething dudes and a relatively high alcohol content of 4.8 percent can't hide the fact that it tasted like spoiled Sprite.

Redhook Double Black **Stout With Coffee**

The Seattle brewery teams up with Starbucks to create a coffee-infused beer. It's discontinued in 2000, but to the delight of beer nerds everywhere, Redhook recently introduced a limited-run. Starbucks-less version.

Budweiser Chelada

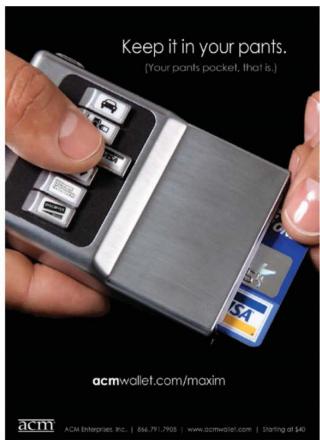
What do you get when you combine watery beer, clam juice, and tomato juice in a 24-ounce tallboy? A nasty ripoff of the popular Mexican michelada—and a beverage that makes you want to hurl well before your second sip.

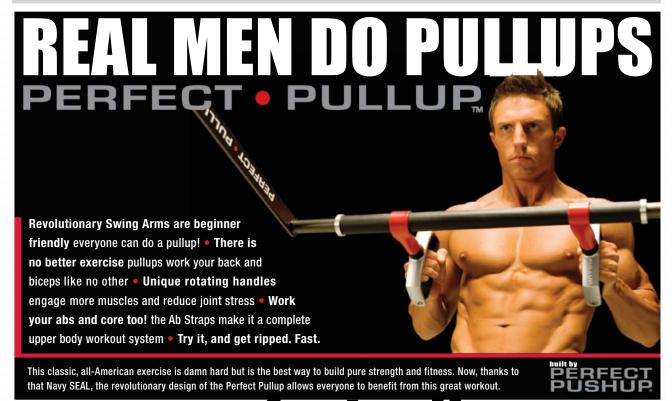


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Ski This, Not That

Hit lesser-known slopes near big-name behemoths and save on lift-line time and massive debt.

The big name: Jackson Hole, WY

The knockoff: Grand Targhee, WY

Average daily \$ savings: 34%
For locals Hole has become synonymous with pit—as in money. Find cheaper rooms and rentals, fluffier powder, and no lines over the Teton Pass. "Storm systems stop when they hit the Tetons, so one might dump 15 inches on Grand Targhee while Jackson gets only five," says Samantha Denny, marketing director of Terra Resort Group. Bonus: For \$399 a SnowCat will chauffeur you around 600 acres for untouched off-piste runs. And free snacks, tool

The big name: Vail, CO **The knockoff:** Keystone and
Arapahoe Basin, CO

Average daily \$ savings: 40% "Keystone has the largest night-skiing program in the country," says Dan Sherman of Ski.com. "You can ski from 8:30 in the morning in A-Basin and then slip over to Keystone

and ski till 8:30 at night–probably the longest day on a single lift ticket." You ski it long time!

The big name: Park City Mountain Resort, UT

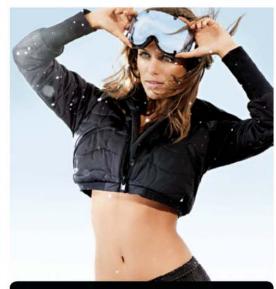
The knockoff: Snowbird Ski and Summer Resort, UT

Average daily \$ savings: 20% "Because the storms pass through the desert, the snow here is so powdery and dry it feels like you're floating through feathers," says Matt McKay, manager of Kirkham's Outdoor Products in Salt Lake City. We never go anywhere else for our ChapStick.

The big name: Stowe Mountain Resort, VT

The knockoff: Smugglers' Notch,

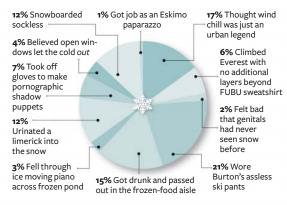
Average daily \$ savings: 25% Smugg's three pine-studded peaks claim the only triple black diamond in the Northeast, called the Black Hole—which may be a better name for AIG-owned Stowe. Hey, ohl



STRAP ON COOLER GOGGLES!

The lenses of Swedish-built **Lobes ski goggles** have been carefully crafted to minimize optical distortion, and, thankfully, they come with antiscratch treatments, which will minimize damage when you go sailing off a cliff.**\$150**, pocski.com

How Did We Get Frostbite?



How to Survive an Avalanche

Don't let 300,000 cubic yards of snow hurtling down a mountain at 100 mph ruin your weekend.



If you can't get off the slab of sliding death, grab a tree. If you are swept up, "Start swimming and clawing to stay above the snow," says Janet Kellam, director of the Sawtooth National Forest Avalanche Center.



Can't stay above the snow? Cup your hands over your mouth to create an air pocket as you're buried alive. Even if you're into S&M, a snowball gag is a pretty unsexy way to go out. Trust us on this.



You have a 90 percent chance of survival if you're found within 15 minutes and aren't smashed to pieces, so carry an avalanche transceiver. The Ortovox s1 2.0 is a good frozen tomb companion. \$530, ortovox.com



Hit the Best Fests

Outdoor fun that doesn't involve motor skills.

Our pick: Thorrablot, Reykjavik, Iceland

During this monthlong shout-out to Thor—Viking god of thunder and metal bands—local joints serve up traditional delicacies like rancid shark, pickled ram testicles, seal flippers, and flagons of the national drink, a vodkalike schnapps called

Brennivin (translation: black death). icelandtouristboard.com Other fests worth freezing your ass off for:

- The Sixth Annual Ski Jam, Steamboat Springs, CO, January 12–17 • Slamdance Film Festival, Park City, UT, January 15–23
- •The Polar Bear Jump Off Festival, Seward, AK, January 16–18

Get Sexed on the Slopes

🔵 In a Hot Tub

Winter sex in boiling-hot water can be fun if you know what you're doing. "Ask her to float on her back with her arms holding on to the edge," says Yvonne K. Fulbright, author of *Touch Me Therel* "Grab her hips and pull back and forth." Also, water dries her out, so use silicone lubricant. To make it even more pleasurable, ask someone else to do her.

While Snowshoeing

"Take the snowshoes and lay them together for a makeshift bed," explains Fulbright. "You can do it

missionary, and you won't sink into the snow." Lay your coat under her butt so it doesn't get frostbitten. If you want to make it a threesome, build a snowlady.

♦♦ On a Chairlift

When you and your snow bunny are riding up through a secluded stretch, try this: Each of you keeps your snowboard attached to your outer foot and pulls down your respective snow pants. She shimmies over and, facing forward, hops onto your lap, and thus your pole. Watch for shrinkage.

How to Stay Warm Inside a Polar Bear

Chilly? Join your friend Luke Skywalker inside the carcass of a formerly living beast. It's fun!



First, club a baby seal for bait meat. "Rig a heavy chunk of ice connected to a tripwire over the bait, so when it falls it breaks the bear's back," says John Rivet, hunting guide and owner of Great Canadian Adventures.



Use your lightsaber—er, hunting knife—to slice through the bear's skin, from his ass to his neck. Then cut through the muscle in his belly, taking care not to slice into the intestinal tract (unless you're into scat).



Reach in and cut free his entrails and organs, then yank them out. Drag the carcass as far away as possible. "Wolves will come running at the smell of bear guts," says Rivet. Dive in! Sleep tight, young Skywalker.



Kill Your Way to Happiness

By Ted Nugent

For me, sitting 30 feet up in a tree-stand with a bow and arrow, completely exposed to the elements, waiting to ambush sacred venison on the hoof on a brutal day with wind chill temperatures plummeting well under 40 below zero Fahrenheit, is the ultimate test of sanity and perseverance. My skin feels like it's on fire, my facial hair's frozen solid, toes about to blow out of my boots—frostbite is a deadly real threat.

But like a good U.S. marine, improvising, adapting, and overcoming is a must, and sufficiently bundled in Gore-Tex, Thinsulate, and an assortment of custom wool and synthetic blends, I'm more than ready to take on that old bitch Mother Nature and come out in good shape. With steaks and a smile.

Thus fortified, on many a frozen venison jihad I am able to send many lovely, mystical flights of my arrows into the pump stations of unsuspecting herbivores. My palate actually becomes erect from the culinary celebration of such a hard-earned meal, certainly appreciated to its fullest due to the intense challenge and increased stimuli in the freeze zone of the beast's lair. This guitar boy knows how to live life to the fullest. Fuck room service.

Go Donut Bumpin'

Fun for adults who are way too drunk to ski.



You've got the \$500 jacket, the fogproof goggles, and enough hand warmers to keep Vishnu comfortable in a blizzard. The only thing you lack? Balance, coordination, and skill. But don't let that stop you from having big fun in the big mountains. Go tubing, bro! Our fave spot is Pennsylvania's Hidden Valley Outback Park, which features "the Ice Monster"—the longest, steepest, and scariest-sounding tubing run in the state. Don't be a boob—Tube! \$15 for two hours; hiddenvalleyresort.com

Also worth hitting: Gorzoga Park, Park City, UT \$20 for 2 hours; parkcitymountain.com



BOMB THE HILLS!

Leave it to the Germans to take a fun child's toy and turn it into a cold, sleek, hill-slaying machine. The **Alurunner** is a collapsible aluminum-framed tube sled that features a claw brake for stopping and shock absorbers for hemorrhoid relief.**\$650**, *970-476-2294*

Have Recession-Proof Fun!

How to stretch your green this white winter.

- 1. Keep the thermostat at 60 and make your own heat in the bedroom, if you know what we mean! (We mean masturbate.)
- 2. Plug drafty windows with old Limp Bizkit T-shirts.
- **3.** Eliminate rent by moving into an obese person's snow angel.
- **4.** Stretch your food budget by making tacos with slush.
- 5. Don't go to a Vermont B&B for a snow-filled weekend; just bite into an exhilarating York Peppermint Patty and imagine that sensation.
- **6.** Save money on electricity: Tape a photo of a burning yule log over your TV on Christmas Eve.
- **7.** Pay for ski-resort-hooker hand jobs on a simple installment plan.



How to Tell If a Pond Is Safe for Ice Skating

Because scuba diving in ice skates is harder than it sounds.



Use a power drill with a six-inch bit and drill all the way through the ice, then poke in a stick to measure the thickness. **Hint:** If you crack through the ice while doing this, it is too thin.



Calculate your risk: According to the U.S. Army Ice Engineering Research group, you'll need four inches of ice to skate on, six inches to snowmobile over, and at least 18 inches for a double-wide (or Kevin Smith).



Be suspicious of the ice if the temperature has been above freezing for at least six out of the past 24 hours. Test it every 150 feet before practicing your sweet new icedancing moves. You're a star!



Create True Comfort Food

Few things warm my heart like this culinary equation: freezing-cold day + hearty hot meal = sweet, sweet satisfaction. Here's a supersimple dish to satisfy you and an army of freeloading friends.

Pepperoni Pizza Soup

- 2 cans condensed tomato soup
- 3 cups water
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1½ cups dried elbow macaroni
- 2 green onions, sliced
- 2 teaspoons dried oregano, crushed
- 1/3 cup diced pepperoni
- 1 cup shredded mozzarella (4 oz.)
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese (4 oz.)
- Dried oregano (for garnish)

Preheat broiler. In a large pan put the tomato soup, water, and garlic; bring to a boil over high heat. Stir in the macaroni, green onions, oregano, and pepperoni; cook for six to eight minutes or until the macaroni is almost done. Pour the soup into four ovenproof bowls. Top each with ¼ cup mozzarella cheese, ¼ cup cheddar cheese, and some more oregano. Broil for three to five minutes or until the cheese is bubbly and lightly browned. Or serve the soup in a small, round, crusty loaf of bread. Scoop out the insides, fill it with the above deliciousness, and listen to your buddies make horrible orgasm noises.

Get Your Après-Ski On!

The best post-mountain watering holes.



Win your lift-ticket money back at the Tahoe Biltmore Lodge & Casino, a 1980s-style casino that morphs into après-ski heaven when the chairlifts close on Northstar-at-Tahoe. The "Bilty" sports blackjack tables, slot machines, and a kicking pool hall. And with rooms as low as \$25 per night, who cares if the attached hotel is haunted by the ghost of a showgirl who committed suicide here?

Also worth your time and brain cells: Apples Bar & Grill, Sun Valley, ID; Vendetta's, Vail, CO; the Longhorn Saloon, Whistler, BC; Liquid Sky, Snowmass, CO



SIP AND SLIDE

Mix the Ultimate Cold-Weather Bevvy

- **The Hot Von Trapp**1. Steep some Darjeeling tea in a large glass mug.
 2. Meanwhile, mix into a large shot glass:
- ³/₄ oz. Crown Royal Reserve whiskey 1/2 oz. Zirbenz Stone Pine liqueur 1/2 oz. vanilla cane syrup
- 3. At the table, add the shot to the tea.
- 4. Garnish with a whole vanilla bean stalk and the last ounce of
- –Jonathan Pogash, mixologist for thecocktailguru.com



How to Make an Enormous **Ice Sculpture** of Your Lady Friend in Minutes*

What says "I love you" like a 20-ton sculpture?



Stack fourteen 40"x20"x10" blocks of ice. Once they're melted and molded into a contiguous block, use your handy die grinder with a super burr cone bit to trace the outline of her bodacious figure.



Now use your hack- and chain saws to block out her 2-D shape. Start working your way into the third dimension by cutting away a single layer at a time until it looks vaguely like a Cubist impression of your gal.



Round the edges with grinders, add details with an ice pick, and wash over with cold water. If your chick doesn't love it, she's probably banging the wood sculptor up the road—his eagle carvings are hot!

*4,763 minutes





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New Smyrna Beach, Florida is now the undisputed shark-attack capital of the world: In 2008 it broke its own record. So why do surfers and other beachgoers continue to navigate the frenzied waters?

BY JULIA CHAPLIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN SPRAGUE



aggro"—rushed a five-foot wave on his six-foot Firewire shortboard, but the surfer in front of him had already taken off in position of the wave. He was about to shout, "Go for it!" when he noticed a dark gray shadow in the water just a few feet away from him. He assumed it was a dense school of finger mullet or menhaden and shrugged it off.

surfer with moppy brown hair—self-described

as "a pretty mellow guy who doesn't get all

Sitting upright on his longboard, submerged in perhaps six feet of ocean with his legs dangling over both sides of his "stick," Zgura suddenly felt a deep, low reverberation run through his body. "What the fuck was that?" he shouted. "It was like cold steel going through my

skin," he recalls, describing it as sounding like "an 18-wheeler driving over a concrete piling." A slicing pain shot up his leg.

The first two bites happened so fast he barely knew what had happened. But when the shark came back for a third bite, he saw its six-foot-long body coming toward him. It took his leg in its mouth and rolled to one side, attempting to pull him off his board. Zgura clutched the surfboard, struggling to keep it from flipping over. "I saw its side and belly and the black mark on the tip of its dorsal," he says, indicating the markings of a blacktip shark, ubiquitous to these waters.

"Aw, shit!" he yelled as the shark finally let go.

Dawn Olivia, a surfing buddy in her 30s, was on her board a few feet away when the attack occurred. She looked on in muted horror as the blacktip fled the scene, leaving a cloud of blood fanning out around her friend. Then she saw the damage: Zgura's flesh and muscle were hanging off his lower left calf bone. She couldn't see his bleeding ankle and foot, still submerged in the water.

"Don't look at your leg. It's pretty bad," Olivia warned, helping Zgura paddle to shore, grabbing and towing him by his surfboard's nose.

"I kept thinking, As long as it didn't get the tendon, I'll be OK," recalls Zgura, one month later. But when he got to the beach, drawing a crowd, he saw his foot sort of dangling, the ropey flesh hanging from the back of his ankle. He recalls lying on the sand, the beach patrol wrapping his leg, telling him not to lose consciousness.

"I really thought that I was OK," he says, "but then my foot sort of started to twitch and a bunch of blood squirted out onto Dawn. I guess it was coming from a severed artery. I must have been losing a



lot of blood. Everything started spinning, and then I passed out."

That morning Zgura had become a statistic closely watched locally as well as by shark-oholics everywhere: the 18th shark-bite victim of 2008 at New Smyrna Beach, the undisputed shark-attack capital of the United States, if not the world.

Two days earlier, another surfer had become 17. About a week later came victim number 19, a 19-year-old off-duty lifeguard. And by late September, New Smyrna Beach had broken its own record of 22 shark bites from 2001—the year *Time* magazine put the city on the map with its cover story "Summer of the Shark." The count leapt to 24 shark bites—including several children—and at press time more were expected to close out the year, just in time for tourist season beginning this month, when more beachgoers are in the dangerous waters than in any other month. In short, it's Shark Week nearly every week here. At least one local sundry shop sells popular T-shirts that read, I SURVIVED A SHARK ATTACK, and surfers carry multiple scars to prove the point.

Twelve attacks a year is the average tally along this wide, flat span of beach, hardened by automobile traffic (like the better-known Daytona Beach, cars are permitted to drive on the sand here). Last year *Transworld Surf* magazine placed New Smyrna Beach in the "Top 10 Deadliest Waves," but it wasn't because of the death-defying tubular swells. On its Web site the publication regularly warns, "You are pretty much putting things on the line when you surf New Smyrna."

Although, remarkably, there has never been a fatal shark attack along its shores, George Burgess—a noted ichthyologist and the curator of the University of Florida's International Shark Attack File (ISAF), a data base that has tracked shark incidents worldwide since 1958—says of New Smyrna Beach, "Anyone who has spent a reasonable time in the water in Florida has likely been within 15 feet of a shark at some point in their life." Bite injuries range from a cut needing a few stitches on a foot to a surfer having his leg amputated after a calf bite.

How lucky do you feel, pal?

"Surfers see schools of baitfish jumping around them or a shark swimming nearby, and they still decide they have to catch one more wave," says Burgess, a familiar face on the Discovery Channel's Shark Week specials. "They have good information that there's a shark

"We're not going to put up frightening notices in front of tourists. We don't want to inflate the danger."

—Sally MacKay, mayor of New Smyrna Beach

within 100 yards of them. If I had a dollar for every surfer who got bit and said, 'Dude, I have to catch one more wave,' I'd be a millionaire."

On a Friday night at a local hangout, veteran surfer Buck Shearouse offers his own unscientific estimation: "Sometimes the water at New Smyrna can be so thick with sharks it seems like you could walk 100 yards and never get your feet wet."

Why New Smyrna Beach is the predator-fish mecca of the world is no great mystery. It's science and environment at play, where unique elements come together to make it the perfect environment for sharks to proliferate, dine, and ultimately chomp at the arms, legs, and other appendages of human beings, mostly surfers.

The danger zone at New Smyrna—which falls into the domain of Volusia County, Florida—is the break at the south side of the Ponce de Leon Inlet, where the Halifax River and the Intracoastal Waterway flush their murky, oft-polluted flotsam and jetsam into the Atlantic Ocean, with stone jetties on both sides creating a pipelike tunnel. This manmade and ecological condition draws teaming schools of baitfish, mullet the most. Oceanography 101: Where little fish go, big fish follow.

FINS TO THE LEFT: Shark victim Alex Zgura, 100 stitches later; 50 to 70 attacks occur worldwide yearly, the deadliest by great whites (right).





The inlet also forms a deep channel and a sandbar; combined they make for a fast-peeling, irresistible wave. It tosses shark and man together into the dense gumbo. And so the 13.2-mile stretch known as New Smyrna Beach has become the place where surfers seeking consistent rides and sharks seeking consistent meals often collide to bloody denouement.

According to Scott Petersohn, captain of the Volusia County Beach Patrol, the conditions that make the inlet a "mouthwatering buffet" for sharks is the "ice teacolored rot" that flows from the river. Spinner sharks (which literally ride waves and leap full-bodied out of the water) and blacktips lurk in the waist-high waters. Aggressive bull sharks and hammerheads are indigenous to the deeper waters as well.

Tellingly, the shark that inspired *Jaws* entered a similar freshwater-meets-saltwater ecosystem: the

Matawan Creek, off the Jersey Shore. In the summer of 1916, a maneating shark famously attacked bathers there after it reportedly swam from the Atlantic 11 miles up the creek; it killed a boy and a man and severely injured another child, all in a single day. A massive hunt was mounted, and dozens of sharks were hauled in, including a nine-foot great white, holding 15 pounds of human remains in its gullet.

* * * *

NEW SMYRNA BEACH SHARES OTHER TRAITS WITH JAWS' AMITY Island, the fictitious Martha's Vineyard resort town menaced by a killer great white. Like Amity, it relies largely upon its tourist dollars, and like the mayor in the 1975 blockbuster, it doesn't appear to be doing enough to let visitors know there is a shark population, and potentially lifethreatening situation, of sizable proportion.

Its population of 24,000-odd residents is outnumbered by the 80,000 tourists who visit the beach town annually, mostly in the months between January and March. It is a no-frills place of modest means, with









RED TIDE (clockwise from top left): A surfer's "red badge of courage"; journalist Julia Chaplin in Ponce Inlet; a spinner shark leaping in the break.

the average family income roughly \$40,000 per year. A funky 1920s-era shuffleboard club and retro roadside motels share space with time-share condos, as well as sprawling wood-shingled contemporary beach houses on stilts, mostly owned by summer residents from wealthier areas such as Winter Park, near Orlando. Surf shops—bearing tiki-mask signage on their facades (but, perhaps not surprisingly, no bleached shark jaws)—line the main street alongside ice cream parlors and New Age boutiques selling arts and crafts and flora-print muumuus.

Along the by-waters and canals around the off-skirts of town, the vibe is decidedly shadier. Rowdy fish camps and honky-tonks provide local entertainment performing Outlaws and Molly Hatchet hits, while motorcyclists wearing their club colors and spilling down from Daytona (and its annual Bike Week) mix it up with guys in mullet hairdos eating mullet dip with chips along with the local "talent."

Ultimately, though, tourism is everything. And surfing. New Smyrna is a famous destination for professionals and amateurs from across the Eastern Seaboard. To hear some surfers tell it, the threat of a shark encounter fuels their already high adrenaline, pumping up the rush in the daredevil sport. But the initial attraction is that New Smyrna's midsize breaks are some of the most consistent in the Southeast, and the city has produced a respectable share of young pros, such as Eric Geiselman, Aaron Cormican, Jeremy Johnston, and Nils Schweizer.

* * * *

ON A LATE SEPTEMBER MORNING ALONG THE PONCE DE LEON INLET, lines of fisherman stood along the jetty, working out their surf rods. Tourists sat sunbathing, while two teenage girls waded in the greenbrown brackish froth where sharks are known to have bitten bathers, sometimes in as little as three feet of water.

And yet the only warning provided by the beach or city to newcomers to the environs was several wooden placards, reading: DANGEROUS MARINE LIFE HAS BEEN SPOTTED IN THIS AREA.

Asked why the city doesn't caution visitors and would-be homeowners about the potential danger, Mayor Sally MacKay says, "We're not going to put up frightening, prohibitive notices in front of tourists who are enjoying our beach. We don't want to inflate the danger."

But, she adds, it is Volusia County, and not the city of New Smyrna that runs the beach. The man to talk to would be Joe Nolin, the Ponce de Leon Inlet manager, a 46-year-old surfer and Port Orange local.

"I can't speak of the warning-people aspect of it," says Nolin. "That's the beach patrol's job. But they dowarn people with 'dangerous marine life' signs if there's been some recent problem with marine life, be it shark, jellyfish, or what have you." Of the patrol, he says, "They do a terrific job, day in and day out. They know exactly what's going on in the beaches of Volusia County, whether it's rip currents or shark activity. They have the place wired."

He adds, "I've surfed in New Smyrna all my life, and I've seen sharks many times in the water, large and small. And there have been many times I've left the water when there was a large animal I should be concerned about. Or I've paddled away when a school of baitfish appeared. If you see that, you might just want to vacate the water."

Of the conditions that cause the proliferation of sharks in his waters, Nolin notes that it's common to all inlets, which are "natural migration highways" for smaller fish. "It just so happens, though, that in this area the man-made jetties create really good waves. It's a juxtaposition of two users: one seeking a meal, the other seeking waves."

Says Scott Petersohn, 51, who's patrolled the Volusia County beaches since 1975, "Typically, the bites here are from a two- to three-foot juvenile shark. They bump into a surfer, take a bite, realize what they bit was three times as big as them, and swim away, scared as hell."

But Burgess, curator of the ISAF, disagrees: "Most of the shark bites on surfers in New Smyrna are by adult blacktips that are, in fact, five to seven feet long. It's a misconception that they are by small, juvenile sharks that are too young to know what they are doing. That's just a good public relations story by the chamber of commerce."

The county's arguably lax approach to shark warnings has led to lawsuits over the years.

In the 1970s, says Petersohn, an Ohio man was bitten by a spinner shark while swimming in the inlet. "His artery got damaged when the shark bit his calf. He got a terrible gangrene infection and, a few months later, had to have his leg amputated from the knee down," says the patrol captain. "The man sued Volusia County for not being sufficiently warned of the hazards. The county was found not to be liable for his injury. It was my second season on the beach, and I was all freaked out."

And in 2000 a 13-old-girl visiting Florida with her family from Kentuckywas bitten on her left calf, sending her to the hospital and spurring a 2003 lawsuit against Volusia County. In their statement the family claimed that the county acted negligently in not providing warning signs "of the dangerous condition created by sharks." They sued the

county for the girl's "permanent scars, disability, and disfigurement." The suit was dropped "on a technicality."

The local hospital, Bert Fish Medical Center, has become nationally renowned for its expertise in dealing with shark bites, it treats so many of them and on such a regular basis.

And the frenzy of incidents circling this otherwise benign beach town has kept shark-fan Web sites such as underwatertimes.com, the tabloid-gory swimatyourownrisk.com, and thefearbeneath.com alive with harrowing weekly first-person accounts of shark bites at New Smyrna, along with postings of grotesque, sent-in images of mauled feet, ankles, and cartilage-dangling thighs. One avid Web site columnist goes by the byline "Martin Brody," the name of Roy Scheider's police chief in Jaws. Others flash "DANGER!" signals over tranquil aerial images of New Smyrna Beach.

To hear Petersohn tell it, county officials and beach patrols are between a rock and a hard place. "Back in 2001 we had three sharks bite people in one day," he says. "We closed the beach, and that's something we never do. What we do is fly a purple flag from the lifeguard posts and put up the 'dangerous marine life' signs. We found that the act of closing the beach prompts more liability than leaving it open. If we close it, then when we open it again we have to say it's safe. That puts too much responsibility on us. It's never really safe... because it's the ocean."

One blogger recently voiced a concern that's been on the minds of many who have heard about the alarmingly frequent shark bites at New Smyrna: "When sharks attack your beach users every week, do you simply get used to it?"

Hobbling around on crutches from the three bites to his foot and leg that left him with 100 stitches, Alex Zgura contemplates why he and others continue to surf New Smyrna. Sitting inside the Red Dog Surf Shop off Highway A1A, he displays his wounds, removing his messy bandages for a group gawk. There are lacerations on both sides of his ankle the width of a medium-size shark's mouth.

Lately, Zgura says, he's been having nightmares, starring sharks. Lately, too, he's been getting an inordinate amount of attention from strangers and surfer buddies, including females. "People who never used to talk to me before come up to me on the beach and say, 'Hey,' he says. At J.B.'s Fish Camp, a popular locals-meets-tourists hangout, a waitress coos to him, "Oh, you're the one who got bit by the shark! We heard about you."

And then later, at the Flagler Avenue Coffee Shop, Zgura is recognized by another pretty waitress. By now, he tells me, it's a practiced routine. "Yeah, I got bit by a shark," he mentions drolly. Her response: "Right on!" Then: "I mean, not right on, But cool!"

It says it all. Here in this town with little to do but surf or go to work at the strip mall, a shark-bite scar, the bigger and scarier the better, is a reddish badge of courage to surfers, stitches of legitimacy, instant street cred. Sitting around a bonfire, it provides the war story that can potentially lure in a surf bunny or wide-eyed tourist.

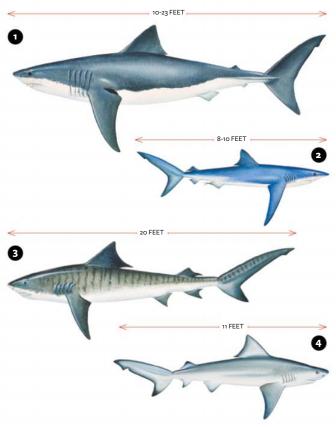
But to hear 20-year old Jon McGrew tell it, it isn't a whole lot of fun when it's actually happening. Last April at sunset, he recounts, the waves were head-high, with "air sections," and only five guys out. He had been surfing for hours and had just caught a wave on his six-footer, when, as he stood in the soup, a pain shot up his body that was "the strongest thing" he'd ever felt. "It could have taken my whole leg off if it wanted," he says of the shark, likely a five-foot blacktip.

The shark turned around, grazing McGrew's leg with its sandpaper-textured tail, and sped away. The whole encounter lasted about two seconds. "You can fully see on my foot a big jaw print," say McGrew, who needed 13 stitches for the puncture wounds. "It's like these double rows of teeth across the top of my foot."

Says another New Smyrna surfer, wearing a tie-dye T-shirt and requesting anonymity, "Sometimes I smoke pot and paddle out, and everyone around me is getting bumped by sharks, and I'm like, Shit. Should I go *in*? Or am I being paranoid?"

What Lurks Beneath

Watch out for these predator sharks—all known to have attacked and killed bathers, all indigenous to U.S. waters.

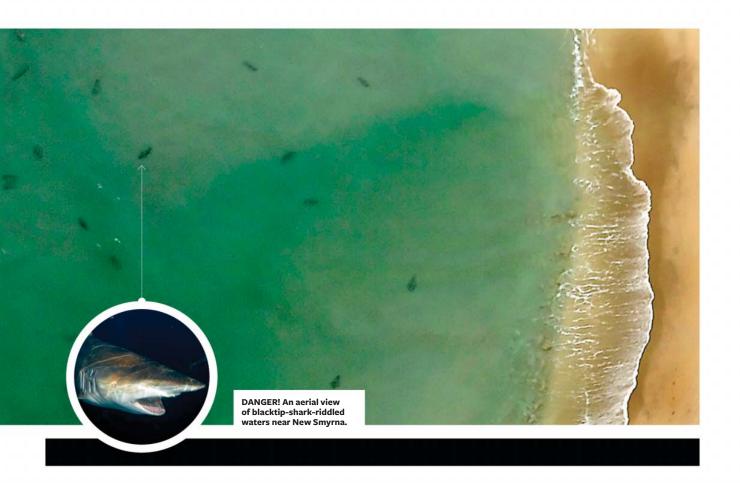


GREATWHITE Quick bites: The man-eating species inspired the novel and movie Jaws. **2008 attack:** A 66-year-old man was attacked and killed by a 15-footer in Solana Beach, California.

Quick bites: This shark is inedible because of poisonous nitrogen in the meat. 2008 attack: A fisherman became the first person ever to be attacked by a blue off the U.K. coast.

3 TIGER Quick bites: Called "the waste-basket of the sea," Tiger sharks eat anything. 2008 attack: An American surfer was killed by a 700-pounder off lxtapa in Mexico.

BULL Quick bites: The snub-nosed shark is capable of living in shallow freshwater. **2008 attack:** An Austrian diver was killed by a bull 65 miles off Fort Lauderdale in the Bahamas.



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M THINKING AS I WAX UP MY BOARD, GETting ready to paddle out into the notorious New Smyrna Beach waters one early fall morning. I break out a shark-repelling magnet I purchased in town at Inlet Charley's surf shop. It cost me \$19.95; its slogan: "Surf and Swim with Peace in Mind." It looks like an ordinary refrigerator magnet, except it has a nylon rope attached to it that is worn around the ankle. The magnet is supposed to wreak havoc upon a shark's sensory field. (However, shark expert Burgess says they're pure bunk.)

The waves are shoddy but possibly doable on a high-performance shortboard. I, however, am working with a clumsy eight-foot rental. A touchy-feely rainbow arcs over the horizon—a good omen. But the water is murky: bad surfing, terrific shark conditions. I dive through a few sets, and finally make it to the sandbar.

sidered midlevel. I surf in the summer at the tip of Long Island, New York, in Montauk. Although there are shark-fishing charters and beer-sponsored championships at the Montauk docks, which often reel in scale-busting blues and makos, I have never so much as been nudged by a shark in those chilly waters, in which we go out about a quarter-mile from shore, where on a good day the swells can be as large as six feet. Nor have I heard of anyone who has. The great whites there are almost never seen closer than 20 miles from shore.

This is not my turf. I've been surfing for 10 years and would be con-

But at New Smyrna Beach, practically every surfer I meet has either been nudged or bitten. Despite the warm water, I can't help thinking about the words "mouthwatering buffet." Making matters worse, I'm surfing in perilous waters with little likelihood of catching a great ride.

"Sharks can't smell fear, but they can detect panic splashing and irregular movements when people are scared," Burgess informed me. I am scared. And irregular.

Paddling out slowly, I suddenly feel something meaty and foreign graze my thigh. It has a cold sandpaper feel. I cram my hands and feet on top of my board and, in a subdued panic, make for the first lame wave I can grab back to shore.

Looking out from safe ground, I see my "shark." It's a massive clump of seaweed, partially tangled on my leash.

Epilogue: On October 10, 2008, a month after my visit to New Smyrna Beach, news bulletins come in from Central Florida that a nine-foot, 400-pound bottle-nosed dolphin has inexplicably leapt aboard an 18-foot motorboat offits shore, beating an elderly couple in their faces with its tail, sending them both to the hospital for face and rib contusions. New Smyrna Beach—also plagued in the past by alligator attacks and lightning strikes—has a new menace in town.

RIP CURL: After a shark attack in Florida waters, the signs go up; Jessica Riley, 20, and her mangled surfboard, bitten by a nine-foot bull shark off Flagler Beach, Florida.



KEANU REEVES

Hollywood's most excellent action star saves the world–again–in *The Day the Earth Stood Still.* But not before explaining why Hamlet has nothing on Neo.

BY ALLISON GLOCK PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM MUNRO

YOU'VE PLAYED A LOT OF CHARACTERS WHO'VE BECOME CULTURAL TOUCHSTONES. WHICH ONE DO PEOPLE ASSOCIATE YOU WITH MOST?

Neo from the Matrixtrilogy. Even now. And that came out in 1999. Man, I've got to get some new stuff going. I feel like that film was iconic in a way, but I don't feel like an icon myself. An icon is, like, John Wayne and the American West. I don't feel like John Wayne.

BUT GUYS HAVE SPENT ENTIRE WEEKENDS GETTING STONED AND WATCHING BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE.

[Laughs] You know, I was talking to a friend, and he was like, "Listen, man, if it's a Saturday afternoon and Speed comes on cable, I'm watching it to the end." Some movies are just like that. For me it's something like Apocalypse Now. If that

comes on, I'm watching it. Hell, that's one I'm

DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT BEING SEEN AS A

After Bill & Ted there were some people who

took that character as me. And I was always

It depends on the exchange. If people reduce

Am I funny? Do I make you laugh, like a clown?

I have a sense of humor. As a kid I loved George

Carlin. Richard Pryor. Sam Kinison. I like story-

tellers. And a good pratfall now and again.

MAYBE PEOPLE DIDN'T GET THAT YOU WERE

actually putting into the DVD player.

CHARACTER BY THE PUBLIC?

DID YOU CARE?

you that way, it's a drag.

JUST BEING FUNNY.

like, "Actually, no. Actually. No."

WELL, MAYBE NOT AS FUNNY AS LITTLE BUDDHA. You've got me there.

IF YOU COULD PLAY ONLY ONE PART AGAIN, WHICH WOULD IT BE?

Can I pick one I wish I didn't do? Well, I don't want to disparage anyone. I wish I'd had a chance to do a second Constantine film. I loved playing him. He was hard-boiled. Broads and demons. He was delightfully bleak.

WHO ELSE DID YOU LIKE?

I really enjoyed Kevin Lomax in The Devil's Advocate and Prince Siddhartha in Little Buddha. Then, of course, you've got Bill & Ted.

THAT'S UP THERE FOR YOU?

"After Bill & Ted there were people who

Yeah, it is. I'm proud of it. I think it's excellent.

ing bricks, right? You know what was challenging? Playing Hamlet onstage in 1995. When I was filming Speed, I was learning the lines. I'd go back to my trailer and memorize a soliloquy. It was kind of perfect: I'd read Shakespeare, then go out and jump over shit.

WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR BIGGEST ADVENTURE SO FAR?

Life is a continual adventure. Isn't that the whole point of life? I mean, isn't living the adventure? You know, leaving Toronto in 1985 and getting in my car and driving to Hollywood. That was a big one for me. My car was this 1969 British racing green Volvo. The seats were held up by bricks. Newspapers covered holes in the floorboards. It eventually blew up, but I made it across the country. I was 20 years old. I'd wanted to be an actor since I was 15. I had the courage of youth. It's worked out so far.

DO YOU FEEL SATISFIED NOW?

Careers are tough. I've been developing a couple of scripts for a few years. So, to answer the question, no. I want the drive. I want other stuff to do. But I can look back fondly at what I've done. I wouldn't like to be doing anything else. I get to do all these things as an actor. "I'm not a doctor, but I play one on TV." Who wants to be anything forever? I don't even want to be alive forever. But I wouldn't mind being around for a really, really long time.

WAS THIS THE LIFE YOU IMAGINED WHEN YOU DROVE YOUR CAR TO LOS ANGELES?

No. I had no idea. I was hoping to get some auditions. I remember when I first started to get recognized. It was kind of weird. One time I was going into this Westwood ice cream shop with my girlfriend, and I get to the counter to pay, and the guy says, "It's OK, man," and he leans in and whispers, "River's Edge." So that was cool. I got some free ice cream.

SO YOU'RE IN IT FOR THE FREE FROZEN TREATS?

There are worse reasons.

took that character as me. Actually, no."

Careers ar ple of scrip

THE WAY SONGS DO?Sometimes I look back at a film, way back, like *River's Edge*, and I remember who I was then. Even *Point Break*...I look at that movie and think, *I wasyoung*.

DO ANY OF YOUR FILMS MAKE YOU NOSTALGIC?

DO YOU WISH YOU WERE STILL THAT YOUNG?

I don't. Maybe my knees do.

YOU'RE ONLY 44.

Yeah, but I've done a couple of action movies. There is some wear and tear from all the running and jumping I did with abandon.

WHAT WAS THE HARDEST PART YOU EVER DID?

The Matrix. We were away from home for 16 months in Australia. That was challenging. But the trilogy was so great I was happy to submit. I recently did this film Street Kings that was also really tough. Day after day, playing this fucking cop. It was intense being in his psychology all the time. It was brutal. But, I mean, it's not carry-

YOU'RE BETTER KNOWN FOR YOUR AVERAGE-

GUY-CONFRONTED-BY-DARKNESS ROLES. You don't think Jack Traven in Speed is funny?

The Day the Earth Stood Still is in theaters now.











ON THE NBC HIT HEROES, DANIA RAMIREZ' character, Maya, has the ability to kill a man with just a look. Blue in the face and struggling for breath, her unwitting victim starts to black out—and then it's over. Finally, a believable superpower! When we first got a look at this Dominican jaw-dropper, we had much the same reaction. Whether turning A.J. into a totally whipped weenie on the last season of *The Sopranos* or getting *Heroes*' mad scientist Mohinder to forgo his studies, Ramirez manages to make every red-blooded male she meets stop what he's doing, fall down to his knees, and worship.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THE HELL'S GOING TO HAPPEN THIS SEASON ON HEROES?

It's very secretive. I only really know what's going to happen to my character when I get that script right before we start shooting. Sometimes I try to talk to the writers to see if I can at least get a hint at what's coming next.

YOUR LOVE SCENES WITH MOHINDER GET PRETTY HOT AND HEAVY. WHAT'S IT LIKE PLAYING THOSE?

Hot and heavy with a sexy guy like Sendhil Ramamurthy? How hard is that! Yeah, it can be embarrassing, but you have to connect to that sensual part of you 100 percent even if you've got cameramen and lighting people all around you. I've been in a lot of music videos, and that was great on-camera practice. You have to be a person who's really comfortable with who you are sexually for that to work.

YOU'VE BEEN IN A LOT OF PROJECTS WITH INTENSE FAN FOLLOWINGS—*Buffy the Vampire Slayer, X-Men: The Last Stand, Heroes.* Have you Ever run into crazy Stalker Types?

Whenever you have something with a hard-core following, the fans always have a lot to say—both good and bad. And they always make for an interesting encounter. I'm a passionate

"I've definitely driven men to do things out of the ordinary for me."

person myself, so I'm always ready to engage in a passionate conversation with someone.

AS A.J.'S HOTHEADED GIRLFRIEND ON THE SOPRANOS, YOU MANAGED TO GET HIM INTO SOME TROUBLE. CAN YOU DRIVE A MAN TO DO DANGEROUS THINGS?

I've definitely driven mento do things out of the ordinary forme, but I don't encourage it, because I can handle things my self. I have such a strong personality, I think a man who's with me feels under pressure to step up to the plate.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HOT ACCENT?

I was born and raised in the Dominican Republic and moved to Washington Heights in New York City when I was 10 years old.

HOW DID YOU BREAK INTO ACTING?

When I was 15 I was working at a store in New Jersey, and somebody came in and asked me if I wanted to model.

THAT SOUNDS REALLY SHADY.

It was shady, but thank God I'm really savvy and street-smart, because I wasn't intimidated by it. I quickly moved on from there. I took an acting class, and then the day before I started college I booked Subway Stories, an HBO special that Spike Lee was directing. That was it.

THERE IS SOME CRAZY STUFF ABOUT YOU ON THE INTERNET: DEBATING IF YOU GOT BREAST IMPLANTS, WHAT KIND OF GUYS YOU DATE, WHERE YOU'RE REALLY FROM...DOES THAT STUFF BOTHER YOU?

I can understand why folks are fascinated by people they see on TV. Whether I'm gonna sit here and have a conversation with you about that stuff, I don't know.

HAVE YOU NOTICED MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE GUYS IN LOS ANGELES AND THE GUYS IN NEW YORK?

It's a different approach. In L.A. guys are laidback. In New York everybody's a lot more upfront and honest. I'm like that, too, and a lot of times it can come off as cocky or mean. I think I intimidate guys, but it's just me trying to live my life as real as possible. Guys definitely tend to get shocked by me. But at the end of the day, you can be high-strung cool, you can be laidback cool—as long as I can vibe with you, we're gonna be OK.

SO IT'S ALL ABOUT THE HONESTY WITH YOU?

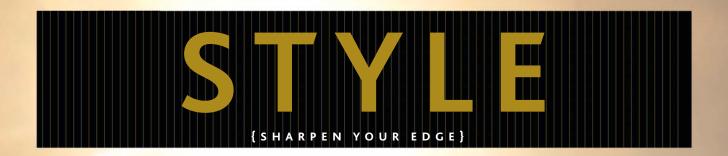
I'd rather not waste somebody's time. Maybe it's because I'm a Scorpio, and I'm a passionate being, but I want to know what's up right from the get-go. It might sound like I'm highmaintenance because I demand honesty, but I don't expect anything that I can't give back.

Heroes airs Mondays at 9 P.M. on NBC.









Chairman of the Board

World-champion surfer KELLY SLATER rules personal style as effortlessly as he does the unruliest of waves.

BY STINSON CARTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK W OCKENFELS 3 STYLING BY WILLIAM BUCKLEY









belt with, and maybe a T-shirt, or maybe just a pair of shorts. The only time I get dressed up is when I go golfing.

HOW DOES THE SURF CULTURE MIX WITH GOLF? When the water's flat, we golf. We travel to all

UNCOOL TO OTHER SURFERS?

I don't know that surfing really affects those choices so much; drugs and alcohol and that sort of stuff are all individual choices. But some of the places you find yourself in the surf world, well, there is quite a bit of partying. Most of it

wave and hit my head on the water so hard it knocked me out. And I was underwater for that wave and the next one. I was unconscious and ended up getting whiplash. I had amnesia for a day. Iwas very calm when it happened, but later I realized how close to drowning I was.



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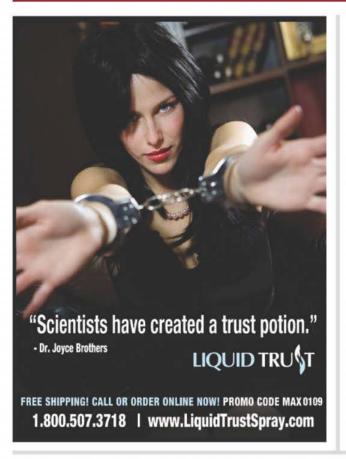
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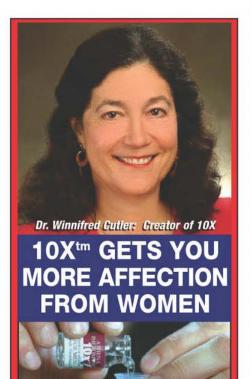
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Created by Winnifred Cutler, Ph.D. in biology from U. of Penn, post-doc at Stanford. Co-discovered human pheromones in 1986 (Time 12/1/86; and Newsweek 1/12/87).

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Male Enhancement Pills . . . Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

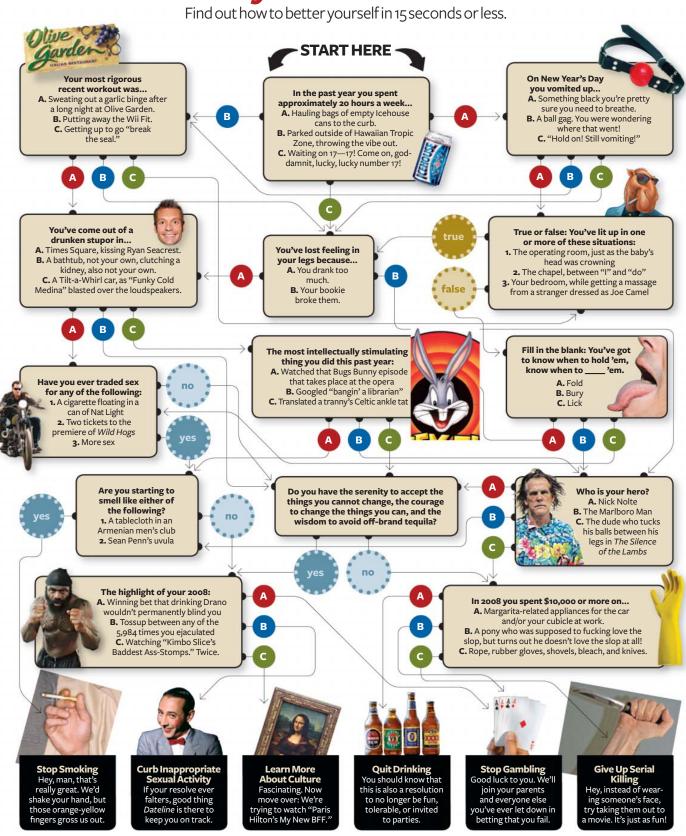
"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain.



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